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THE FRENCH TRIUMPH.

IN the great pageant of Sunday last France seemed to triumph over Austria alone; but, in truth, she triumphed over her own freedom, honour, and happiness—over all that is or has been best and noblest in herself. Beside the captured standards and cannon of the Austrians should have been borne the veiled busts of MONTESQUIEU, TURGOT, MIRABEAU, BARNAVE, LAFAYETTE, HOCHÉ—of all who have striven, under an evil star, to raise France to freedom and moral greatness. The French historians of the Revolution constantly assure us, and perhaps they have persuaded themselves, that its crimes and horrors were redeemed by some vast social, political, and even spiritual acquisitions, and that, though the means were terrible, the end is sublime. The end may be sublime, but it is certainly not the one contemplated by the great authors of the movement. It would be easy to find, among the speeches delivered by the leading orators of the Legislative Assembly, many splendid visions of the liberty and freedom of thought then opening to the nation and the world. It would not be easy to find among those speeches an exulting prognostication of a military despotism. No rhetorical seer ever saw that promised land from the Pisgah of the tribune. France has gained from the Revolution what she calls equality. That is, she has gained a dead level of servility, tending towards barbarism, surmounted at an immeasurable height by a Persian Court—a sheer descent, instead of a graduated slope, from the highest summit of society down to its lowest plain. This she has gained; and she has gained military glory. Military glory is the substitute really offered her for all the objects of the patriots of 1789; and she seems satisfied with the exchange. While masses of troops defile through Paris, while captured cannon and standards are borne in triumph to the Invalides, what can a great nation desire more? Who would waste a thought on the paltry objects of politics or religion? The best of Governments is that which can raise the greatest armies and lead them forth to the bloodiest victories. And the divinity of the Place Vendôme has long ago been acknowledged by Frenchmen as the true and only God.

The French undoubtedly possess great military qualities. History seems to show that they are superior in this respect to all other Celts, though inferior to the Teutonic, and probably to the Slavonic, race. Their hot heads, their excessive vanity, the ease with which they are excited by military pageantry and music, and the want of respect for human life which marks the whole course of their history, combine with a quick, though shallow, intelligence, and lightness and activity of form, to make them impetuous and enterprising, though unsteady, soldiers. They are still essentially of the same blood as those hordes which descended into Italy with BRENNUS, and for a moment seemed on the point of prevailing over the nobler race, till Rome recollected herself, and, putting forth her might, first annihilated the invader on her own soil, and then advancing, crushed him in his own lair. The Gallic fire, as CARLYLE says, is excellent for roasting eggs, not for smelting metals. It triumphantly consumed the dry stubble of the old European despotisms at the end of the last century, and then expired in disaster and disgrace. But it is not the military qualities of the French as a nation, be they high or low, that make them at this moment dangerous to the peace and liberties of the world. If their hearts are filled with pride at the annoyance and alarm they are creating among their more pacific neighbours, they must learn to refer this glorious effect to its true cause. No country is more alarmed, or has more reason to be alarmed, than England. Yet history, even when written by Frenchmen, shows that through a long series of accidental circumstances, victory, in all our encounters, has rested with the British arms—a fact of which the French soldiers who fought by the side of ours

in the Crimea might probably, if surprised in a moment of candour, suggest a plausible explanation. The reason why France at this moment is in the proud attitude of menace, and England in the less proud attitude of fear, is, in effect, that Frenchmen are slaves and that Englishmen are free. The enslaved country is compelled by its despotic ruler to keep up an enormous standing army, a scourge to its neighbours, and a tenfold greater scourge to itself. The free nation refuses, unless absolutely compelled by the necessity of self-preservation, to squander the fruits of its industry on an object at once so criminal and so childish. The enslaved nation requires a perpetual exhibition of its own imagined military might to make up to it for the loss of truer dignity and interests of a deeper kind. The free nation is satisfied with its own greatness, and is intent on nobler things. The impression which prevails in France as to the inefficiency of the English army is in part well-founded. The English army is inefficient, however, not because it cannot fight—as witness Alma and Inkermann—but because it is small; and it is small because England is free. The English nation is not small, and one man in France, at least, is probably aware that, if roused in its own defence, it would not prove inefficient.

Still, the danger to England is not slight. Financial distress in France, and a consequent revolution, will probably relieve us of it in the end, but for the present it must be avoided by a vigorous display of the defensive energy of the English nation. The EMPEROR still talks loudly of reducing his armaments, and professes that the satisfaction of his triumph is tinged with regret at the approaching dissolution of the splendid force by which it was achieved. He may possibly at the moment be sincere in these expressions. The usurer ALPHIUS, in *Horace*, was at the moment sincere when he called in all his monies and embraced the happiness of a rural life. The illusion of ALPHIUS lasted for a fortnight—that of the EMPEROR may not improbably endure for a year. One mode, and one mode only, LOUIS NAPOLEON has open to him of securing to Europe a real and lasting peace. He may divest himself and his family of the despotic power which he has usurped, restore France to freedom, engage her energies and interests in the work of self-government and self-improvement, and renew in her councils the ascendancy of those commercial interests and that reflecting intelligence which, under the Constitutional Monarchy, wrestled, on the whole successfully, with the spirit of war. Credulity itself must have ceased to expect any such act of self-sacrifice from a man who twice committed the vilest act of selfishness of which human nature can be guilty, by raising the standard of civil war for a purely selfish end. The mean ambition of LOUIS NAPOLEON has led him to found a despotic dynasty when a dictatorship was the most that circumstances required. The same mean ambition will lead him always to do what is necessary to secure his immoral power against the moral forces by which it must otherwise perish; and what is necessary for this purpose in his case, as in the case of his uncle, is war. It is not improbable that the mind of the first NAPOLEON turned to peace at one or two points in his career; but a fatal necessity always drove him to choose between danger to himself, and the carnage and misery of his fellow men. His choice was easily made; and France has approved it with abject and delirious admiration. The "Empire," which is Peace, has been conveniently interpreted by its parasites as the "Empire which dictates the terms of peace to other nations." The end now professed is "moral influence," and not conquest; but it is not concealed that the "moral influence" desired is that which is acquired by the sword; and the chief sycophant of the French press opportunely informs us that the glory of the Italian campaign is all the EMPEROR's own, and that for his generals to

win great names there is need of new fields. These new fields will perhaps be somewhat difficult to select. The misconduct of Austria in Italy deprived her, at least while she fought on Italian ground, of the sympathy and support of other nations, and opened her to the blow which her highly organized, but cold and disaffected, army proved unable to avert. The next time the contest must be with a nation fighting in its own good cause—let us rather say with all the nations, for there is one danger, one interest, for all. The issue of the contest, if we fight manfully and stand by each other, will be not a mere counterpart of the vain and noisy pageant which has just passed before us, but the final deliverance of European civilization from its common pest and scourge—the military vanity of the French nation.

THE MANCHESTER GENTLEMEN.

IF very recent history were not invariably forgotten by those who have taken part in it, it would be remembered that the Manchester gentlemen have expiated the great success of 1846 by an unbroken succession of subsequent failures. No sooner had Sir ROBERT PEEL taken Corn-law Repeal out of its hands than nearly all the machinery and all the moral energy of the Anti-Corn-law League were appropriated to the Peace movement and the Financial Reform movement. It is not too much to say that the entire current of policy and opinion has set, since 1846, in a direction precisely the reverse of these two agitations. Instead of peace, we have had a popular war. Instead of Financial Reform, we have had the Administrative Reformers taking the field, with the agents and pamphleteers of the old League in their pay. War, we presume, is the opposite of peace; and Administrative is pretty nearly the reverse of Financial Reform. The last is a movement towards the American ideal of government reduced to its minimum. The first tends to the European Continental ideal of government pushed to its maximum intensity. The Administrative Reformers avowedly clamoured, in fact, for French administrative precision as a means to French military efficiency. Here was a pretty result to have been brought about by the champions of peace, retrenchment, and *laissez faire*! All their organization kept alive, all their stipendiaries at work, all the spirit they had evoked continued in a *post-mortem* activity, in order that an infinitely larger army should be clothed, supplied, and moved, by an infinitely larger administrative service, at an infinitely larger permanent expense.

Nearly all the miscalculations and absurdities of the Manchester gentlemen may be traced to the nature of the contest which they carried through to victory in 1846. Identified for once with a cause which rested, to an extent very unusual in politics, on absolute scientific truth, they evidently gave themselves the main credit of a success which really belonged to the political economists of the closet. It appears doubtless to Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT that the force of their own brains enabled them to anticipate the first statesmen of the day in seeing that it is the best policy to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Hence every opinion which flashes into their heads strikes them as possessing the same value as the most deeply pondered maxim of MILL, MALTHUS, or RICARDO. In no other way, at all events, can we account for the fact that men of much shrewd sense should have elevated the superstitious crotchet of an eccentric sect to the dignity of a first principle of morals. The Peace doctrine is about the least decent tatter of the ragged intellectual habiliments of GEORGE FOX, while the notion that the highest bliss of nations consists in paying the least possible amount of taxes is exclusively a tenet of the English North-country bourgeoisie. Yet these two opinions—due in one case to sectarianism, and in the other to provincialism—Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT have always preached in a tone which scarcely befitted even the strictly proved demonstrations of Free-trade. Mr. BRIGHT, in particular, is obviously under the impression that the opponents of his views are necessarily influenced either by mental decrepitude or by moral obliquity. All the statesmanship and all the public opinion of the country rose against him; the whole representation and the entire press repudiated his arguments; the very constituency which he had made a name among constituencies threw him off in disgust. All he said was, that the newspapers were bribed and the country debauched by the newspapers. It was but a prosaic repro-

duction of that unlucky juryman who had the misfortune of being associated with the eleven most obstinate men in the world. Not only was he a very Brummagem ATHANASIUS against the world, but for a symbol compared with which the doctrines that alcohol is demoniac and tobacco the solvent of the social bond are about as true, and about as false, while they are equally consistent with the facts of human nature.

From the Anti-Corn-law agitation Mr. BRIGHT has inherited his most indefensible practice of turning every abuse into the pretext of an attack on some class or order. The land was practically in the hands of the English aristocracy, and it was unquestionably the territorial proprietary which had obtained the sliding-scale and struggled for its maintenance. The endeavour to abolish the protective system tended therefore inevitably to become a contest with the aristocratic classes; and that it did not assume that character is precisely the heaviest debt which the country owes to Sir ROBERT PEEL. The battle lasted long enough, however, to produce the strongest effect on the Manchester gentlemen, and it is evidently in their eyes the normal form of a political conflict. They don't understand how a great political movement can be anything else than an onset on an interested class. Perhaps the absurdest proof of this they gave at the beginning of that unlucky Peace agitation which was their first undertaking after the repeal of the Corn-laws, and which subsequently underwent so complete a collapse. Mr. COBDEN or Mr. BRIGHT—we forget which—arguing against the disgraceful and unnecessary magnitude of the British regular army, positively attributed its maintenance to the power and intrigues of the "military class"—"the people," said the speaker, "who build those magnificent club-houses in Pall Mall." He literally traced the warlike spirit of the nation to the dangerous influence of the Rag and Famish. Perhaps the Crimean war dispelled that particular notion, but it certainly has not taught Mr. BRIGHT to be chary of his calumnies on classes. It was a "class" which kept alive the East India Company—a "class" which deprived the Glasgow operatives of landed property—a "class" which created English pauperism—a "class" which showed distaste for electoral districts and a rating suffrage. For so diseased a view of men and their motives there is no cure but serving Mr. BRIGHT as he serves the rest of the world. Most fortunately, he has been punished *par où il avait péché*. It is considered, we understand, in the North, that Mr. BRIGHT is treated with sovereign injustice in being made responsible for the corruption of his brothers-in-law. Unjust the treatment may be in one sense, but most just from Mr. BRIGHT's own particular point of view; for he, at all events, systematically makes classes answerable for the misdeeds of their individual members. By him the English aristocracy is regularly spoken of as egotistical, exclusive, oppressive, and domineering, on the strength of barely half-a-dozen instances of selfishness and dictation. He has, as regularly, contrasted his own order with it; and, indeed, it is barely a few months since he announced that Mr. TITUS SALT and Mr. CROSSLEY were the true stuff to make Dukes of. By the principle involved in this mode of attack he is now judged. His own brothers-in-law are, with much *prima facie* fairness, assumed to be favourable specimens of the class by which he would replace the existing oligarchy, and he is asked whether the screw of the Tory proprietor is not infinitely less demoralizing than the money-bags of the manufacturing Liberal. Dictation against corruption, we are not sure that we do not prefer the lordly borough-owner's way of "doing what he likes with his own."

MINISTERIAL POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

IF the Recess were to be spent in a universal slumber of men and stagnation of events, so that Ministers and Parliamentary parties, awakening under the opening warmth of the next session, would find themselves fixed in the same attitudes and positions as at present, it would be comparatively easy to estimate the future chances of politics. Notwithstanding the casual gains of the Opposition from the result of the Election Committees, the Government still commands a working majority in the House of Commons, and, in a limited and comparative sense, it may be said to possess the confidence, or rather the preference, of the country. There was much good sense in the answer of the Civil Service candidate to the puzzling mechanical question, "Why a pin will not stand on its point?" "A pin," he justly replied,

"will not stand on its head, and *à fortiori* it will not stand on its point." Public confidence, balancing itself with difficulty on Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, would topple over at once if it rested on Lord MALMESBURY, and Mr. DISRAELI. As the country can only choose between the leaders of two great parties, a distrust of the Opposition practically involves a determination to support the Government; and the same causes which forced many unwilling voters to swell the majority against Lord DERBY would still, if the experiment were to be tried again, produce the same result. Mr. ROEBUCK and Mr. HORSMAN could only give vent to their dissatisfaction at the cost of a final breach with the Liberal party, and Mr. BRIGHT's interest in rendering government impossible is too obvious to command the sympathy or the connivance of the House of Commons. Reasonable politicians are willing to sacrifice many prejudices, and to suspend some well-founded jealousies, for the purpose of correcting the habitual instability which has characterized all recent Administrations. There is much to be said against Mr. GLADSTONE's unsteadiness, against Lord JOHN RUSSELL's pedantic temerity, and against Lord PALMERSTON's views on architecture and Church patronage. It is much to be wished that the Duke of SOMERSET was more conciliatory, and that Sir C. WOOD was less liable to moral and intellectual blindness; but judicious public writers, if they are unable wholly to conceal the personal failings of individual Ministers, avoid as far as possible any discussion which might compromise the political existence of the party. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's presence in office is compensated by his removal from the Opposition benches, and Mr. GLADSTONE is better employed in the conscientious discharge of public duties, than in the construction of political crotchets and paradoxes. Mr. MILNER GIBSON can scarcely draw up explosive Resolutions at the Board of Trade; and, on the whole, it may be said that all the members of the Ministry are in a position to render the country positive or negative service. Mr. DISRAELI, on the other hand, may be considered as in his true place at the head of the Opposition. His acuteness, his industry, his imperfect knowledge, and his absence of generous enthusiasm qualify him rather to check the errors of a Government than to supply its place. The benevolent optimist cannot but regard with patriotic complacency the best of all political worlds, in which private vices or imperfections may almost be mistaken for public benefits. Lord PALMERSTON once announced in a philosophic epigram that dirt was only matter out of its proper place; and, on the same principle, the peculiarities of Parliamentary leaders are sometimes mistaken for faction and folly, merely because they are exhibited on the wrong side of the House, either in or out of office. With the exception of the FOREIGN SECRETARY, it cannot be said that any member of the Government is notoriously unfit for the situation which he holds; and a great preponderance of oratorical and administrative power is to be found on the Treasury bench.

It is true that the Ministers are liable to a defeat at any moment; but threatened men live long, because they have full warning of impending dangers. For the first time since the early part of the present reign, the Opposition can unite nearly one-half of the House of Commons in an important party vote; and it was in the face of equal numbers, more skilfully led, that Lord MELBOURNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL maintained their Government from 1836 to 1841. The comparative lukewarmness of partisans on both sides leaves the terms of the contest unchanged; or rather it gives the actual Government a comparative advantage. Many independent members of the minority are averse or indifferent to an early change; nor would they follow Mr. DISRAELI in a premature attack on the Ministers or in an occasional coalition with Mr. BRIGHT. The reasons for turning Lord DERBY out of office were rather understood than publicly expressed; but it would be difficult to urge a plausible argument in favour of a reversal of the decision. No party seriously desires that the conduct of foreign affairs should be entrusted to Lord MALMESBURY; and the universal aversion to Reforming experiments is wholly unconnected with confidence in Mr. DISRAELI. Lord JOHN RUSSELL would at once outbid any project except his own; and in the Cabinet he must obtain the consent of his colleagues, instead of trusting exclusively to his individual own skill in gauging the sources of popularity. If there is no strong reason for getting rid of the Government, the presumption in this case, as in all others, is in favour of stability and permanence; and at a time when popular opinion on more than one subject is liable to be misled, there is an obvious advantage in not thwarting it

into extravagance or excess by an unnecessary semblance of contradiction.

While it appears on sufficient evidence that the Government would have been able to maintain its position if the session had been prolonged, there is abundant room in the next six months for the possible operation of error or of ill luck. One of the principal inconveniences in the present abnormal state of European affairs consists in the irresistible influence of foreign events on domestic politics. ORSINI and the French Colonels drove Lord PALMERSTON from power in 1858, and it is impossible to tell how soon a dangerous text may suggest one of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's inopportune discourses. The debate on Lord ELCHO's motion may have done the Ministers an essential service, if it has satisfied them that they will not be permitted to act as the subordinate allies of France. Their Italian sympathies secure them from the blunder committed by the Opposition in identifying the cause of Europe with the untenable pretensions of Austria, but one sound judgment in the midst of innumerable complications will not give them a lasting hold on public confidence. Although there are no longer any belligerents, some of the Ministers appear scarcely to have unlearned their belief in the recent panacea of neutrality, and yet they may be well assured that in any future war it will be impossible for England to remain neutral. If they fail in maintaining the honour of the country, it is unfortunately true that there will be little hope of changing for the better, but public indignation is seldom disposed to consider results or alternatives. A great Minister with a bold and generous policy might command unanimous and unlimited confidence; but for many years the country has found it necessary to provide a foreign policy for the statesmen who affect to govern it.

In default of disturbances from abroad, the fate of parties will probably depend on Lord JOHN RUSSELL's scheme of Reform. It is perhaps fortunate that the Government is not strong enough to bear a secession of any of its component sections without a certainty of dissolution. The dislike of all prudent men to unnecessary changes is as fairly represented in the present Cabinet as among the colleagues of Mr. DISRAELI and Lord STANLEY, and there is no reason why a project which may have secured the co-operation of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT should create insuperable alarm even in the House of Lords. If the difficulty is happily surmounted, the position of the Government will be secure for the time, and the numbers of the Liberal party can scarcely fail to be increased at the next general election; but the most confident of political prophets must abstain from looking further into futurity. It would seem that a large addition to the popular element in constituencies must produce a re-adjustment of parties, perhaps under leaders who are hitherto unknown; yet the change effected by the Reform Act only disclosed itself gradually, and the old official class has thus far met with little rivalry in the House of Commons. It is uncertain whether agitators of Mr. BRIGHT's school will find themselves disarmed by partial concession, or strengthened in the prosecution of their ulterior objects by the extension of the electoral body. When the Northern races were over-running Europe, some successful invaders joined in repelling later intruders, while elsewhere the conquerors always kept the doors open for successive swarms of kindred barbarians. It is desirable that, to a certain extent, the constituent body should assume the position of a privileged and representative aristocracy. None of the projectors of Reform Bills know whether they are about to commence or to prevent a political revolution; and even the small minority of their number who anticipate any practical advantage from their own schemes are unable to discern the nature of the improvements which a sanguine disposition leads them to anticipate. The founder and authorized representative of the sect is, after all, more definite in his aspirations and more fully justified in his hopes than his numerous disciples and imitators. Whatever may be the merits of the Government measure or its effects on the prosperity of the country, Lord JOHN RUSSELL will once more have had the satisfaction of introducing, and perhaps of carrying, a Reform Bill. Mr. DISRAELI's invention, even if it had been less cumbersome and impracticable, would at the best have been objectionable as a piracy. The patentee is now restored to the exercise of his rights, and it may be hoped that the firm with which he has connected himself will be consulted before ruinous losses are incurred, and that ultimately it will be allowed to share in the profits of the undertaking.

THE AMNESTY IN FRANCE.

THERE is nothing more paltry than the criticism which refuses to see any good in those whom it has been accustomed to blame, and which will not allow that a political adversary can do right, whatever may be the course he may take. We have always protested against the manner in which LOUIS NAPOLEON won his way to the throne; we think the Imperial system is demonstrably a bad system; we feel sure that Europe cannot take too many precautions against the ebullitions of aggressive activity in which the head of the French army may any day find his account; but we freely own that the speech addressed this week by the EMPEROR to the army of Italy is, so far as speeches are worth anything, a moderate and unassuming speech. We readily admit also that the amnesty for political offences, which has since been granted, is a very laudable measure. Several harmless individuals will be restored by this amnesty to their country, and will exchange the dull, disheartening torpor of foreign exile for the conscious activity of an existence on their native soil. Perhaps the number of exiles thus restored will not be very large, but it is a great thing that even a few persons should be made happy. In a year when thousands of families have been thrown into mourning and tens of thousands of brave men have been slain in the prime of life in order that two despots might carry a senseless quarrel to a senseless conclusion, it is fit that some reparation, however imperfect, should be made to suffering humanity. Both the speech and the amnesty are good things in their way. The substance of the speech was not, indeed, of any great importance; for both friends and enemies are agreed that it is the present purpose of the EMPEROR to inspire confidence in his wish for peace. But it is, in point of taste, some slight gain that the *Moniteur* should have given us an Imperial oration offering intelligible ideas in intelligible language. We may be glad to have for once got rid of the stilted platitudes which are spun out on great occasions as a tribute to the memory of NAPOLEON I. The amnesty is a gain of a higher and more unmistakeable kind. However few may be those who are permitted or are content to accept it, it is impossible that there should not be some persons to whom it insures a change to life from a living death; and our distrust of the EMPEROR cannot prevent us from recording our very hearty satisfaction that he has thought it right, or expedient, or safe, to do this amount of good. It is also a step in the right direction, that the amnesty has been followed by the withdrawal of all warnings to the press. In short, the concessions made this week to the claims of political wrongs in France may be superficial or illusory, but no one can deny that, in words at least, concessions have been made.

But while we ought to do the EMPEROR justice, we ought not to do him more than justice. We ought not to speak as if his past history were suddenly wiped out. He is a man the exact value of whose good actions ought to be estimated by a very rigid measure. We are not bound to give him credit for anything more than that which is exactly indicated by the materials on which we form our judgment. The speech of this week is a tolerably sensible, calm, and unobjectionable speech; but we chiefly call it good because we compare it with others that have been much worse. It does not argue any very great wisdom that the author of the recent peace of Villafranca should, for the moment, be tired and ashamed of bombastic speeches. He must have some misgivings when he recalls to mind the grand addresses which he has issued during the present year. He has quite discernment enough to be fully aware of all that now seems utterly ludicrous in the magniloquence with which he called on his army to advance on the "Sacred Way" that terminated under the walls of Verona—with which he announced that Austria was to be chased into the Adriatic—and with which he promised the Italians that, if they would fight to-day, they should be a free and independent nation to-morrow. It is not a very overwhelming proof of discretion that the EMPEROR, while fresh from the memory of his Italian failures, should speak a little more humbly and unassumingly when he gets back to Paris.

Nor must we exaggerate the effect of the amnesty. According to its wording, all political exiles are free to return to France. The Red Republicans may go there, the Orleanist Generals may go there, M. LOUIS BLANC may go there. But when they get there, how will they be situated? It is very easy to talk of a political amnesty, but what does a political amnesty mean? We should fear that, practically,

those who take advantage of the amnesty will find themselves under the constant surveillance of the police. They will be watched night and day. Every action they do, every word they say, will be recorded and misinterpreted. At last it will perhaps be intimated or guessed that high authorities will be pleased if a case can be made out against these political pariahs, and a crushing case is sure to be made out against them in four-and-twenty hours. Once more Leicester-square or Lambessa will see the familiar faces of the victims, and the world will be tempted to say that the wretches must have deserved their fate, and that they have wickedly abused the clemency of the EMPEROR. In proportion as the exile is illustrious, the greater is the probability that he will once more be got rid of in this way; but obscurer refugees are not by any means safe if they put themselves again in the power of the police. We must remember what happened after the attempt of ORSINI had stricken the EMPEROR and his advisers with panic. Orders were sent down into the departments to work a counter panic. The officials were charged to select a certain number of victims. The persons were not specified, but only the number, and the police had to return the right number of victims for each district. It was a matter of entire indifference to the central Government who were the sufferers by the process, so that the desired impression of terror was produced. Possibly, in a year or two, an occasion may arise when the Government may think a similar measure necessary, and general orders may be sent to the provinces to create a prescribed amount of panic. The persons on whom the police could fall with the greatest ease, safety, and expedition, would be the marked men who might have returned under the protection of the present amnesty. Without accusing the EMPEROR of complete insincerity, we may inquire how the pardoned exiles are to be protected from the police? Cases may occur in which individuals will return from exile, and live and die unmolested in France. It is the possible occurrence of such cases that makes us feel that the amnesty is, to some extent, a thing to be rejoiced at. But we do not see that the bulk of French political exiles can rely on having such good luck if they return, nor that any one who is on the black books of the police is henceforth preserved from the chance of harm. And prudent persons will not reckon too confidently on the improbability of a time of rigour soon succeeding the present epoch of lenity. Since its foundation, it has always been the maxim of the Empire to work everything by a constant see-saw; and experience would almost warrant us in anticipating that a step towards clemency will soon be compensated by a step towards increased severity.

Nor should we be justified in laying down unreservedly that the amnesty proves the EMPEROR to feel increased confidence in the stability of his throne and dynasty. For what are the dangers to which his throne and dynasty are exposed? In spite of all the tyrannical interference which determines the result of universal suffrage, we have no reason to dispute the accredited fact that the Empire is acceptable to the peasants, the priests, and the army. We dislike the Empire, not because it fraudulently pretends to enjoy the confidence of classes which really distrust it, but because we think that a system which rests exclusively on these supports is necessarily a bad and a dangerous system. Then, what has LOUIS NAPOLEON to fear? He has, in some slight degree, to fear the arts of the assassin. It is notorious that the enjoyment of power is poisoned to the EMPEROR by the horrible, incessant consciousness that persons he has never heard of may be plotting against his life. This is no imputation on his courage. He is a man of great fortitude and bravery, and would endure to be shot away from a gun with the impassibility of a Sepoy. But the bravest man may feel life wretched when he knows that he has no safety, whether he is at peace or in strife, alone or in a crowd, at home or abroad. We do not know anything that has occurred lately which will lessen his chance of being assassinated. But the chance of assassination, though great enough to make his existence miserable, is too remote to be considered as seriously affecting the prospects of his family. The real enemy of the Empire is the intellect of France. We do not see how the opposition or the power of this enemy has been abated by the events of the present year. We do not pretend to be optimists. The Empire may really conquer and extirpate the intellect and the genius of France, and all those moral excellences which go with genius and intellect. To judge by present appearances we should say that this is not unlikely. What presumption exists against the durability of the Empire is entirely derived

from the wonderful vitality which seems inherent in the French mind, and which makes us afraid to say that mind must succumb to force in France because force has much the best of it at the present moment. We do not see how the profitless glories of Magenta and Solferino can have made the **EMPEROR** more confident that he and his dynasty will succeed in doing away with the element of greatness which has given France her real lustre during the last three centuries. The issue remains the same as it did six months ago. Either the free thought of France, which in times past has had such great triumphs in face of such great odds, will prevail over the Empire, or the Empire will win the day, and a succession of the favourites of the peasantry, the priesthood, and the army will reign over a nation equally disinclined to think and to disobey.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

IF political conclusions bore any assignable relation to the facts and reasons from which they are ostensibly derived, the strike of the building trades might induce reforming theorists to reconsider some of their commonplaces. Two or three months ago, the working man was the pet of the House of Commons and the idol of the hustings. Intelligent, patriotic, self-denying, the strong supporter of the social fabric received, in the compliments and promises of a thousand enthusiastic candidates, some imperfect recognition of his claims on the gratitude and confidence of his fellow-countrymen. Employers of labour might perhaps shrug their shoulders in secret, with the obstinate scepticism of parents and nurses who are informed by **PELAGIUS** or Lord **PALMERSTON** that all children are by nature faultless. In this instance, as in many others, a loud public opinion overbore the silent unanimity of private conviction; and those who doubted the expediency of inverting the political pyramid for the purpose of placing the largest class at the summit, were forced to content themselves with the hope that the popular doctrine would expend itself in empty clamour. Vague admiration for workmen in general is, to a certain degree, disturbed by the prosaic experience of unions and strikes. It is found that the ideal bricklayer forbids the trowel to be shifted from the right hand to the left, and that the typical weaver limits the productiveness of entire districts by insisting on equal wages, without regard to the comparative advantages of local position or of commercial connexion. Even without the aid of Parliamentary representation, the labourers have nearly mastered the capitalists, and their growing power is uniformly employed for the discouragement of competition, and, as far as possible, for the suppression of freedom. Shortsighted as to their own true interests, and absolutely indifferent to the welfare of the community, the leaders of the multitude display both sagacity and vigour in the pursuit of their immediate objects. All their regulations are directed against the natural privileges which belong to superior industry and skill, and the maintenance of a democracy within a democracy enables them to combat their employers with the strength of a mass which is compact because it is absolutely uniform and homogeneous.

The fallacies which prevail among factory operatives and artisans by no means furnish a sufficient reason for excluding the class from political power. Prejudices as absurd and as selfish have prevailed within a recent period among the highest ranks of society, and many educated writers of the present day virtually countenance the Socialism which is openly avowed by the members of Trades' Unions. Half the professors of social science and nine-tenths of the philanthropic sect assume, more or less consciously, that hatters are the final cause of hats, and that mankind might dispense with coats and trousers if it were only possible to find, by some other method, an adequate maintenance for tailors. The "Song of the Shirt," while it sets forth the sorrows of the distressed needlewoman, is as indifferent to the shirt itself as Mr. **PORTER** of the Building Strike to the secondary object of providing houses for people to live in. Associated workmen may perhaps talk nonsense even more systematically than their betters, but if the muddle-headed portion of the community is to be disfranchised, only a narrow oligarchy will remain. The real objection to the dominion of numbers is that they are so irresistibly numerous; and, under the system of Trades' Unions, a majority in itself overwhelming is at the same time artificially packed. The working man of rhetoricians, before he exercises his independent vote, ought to have asserted the right of using his trowel with either hand.

Sometimes the tyranny of the trades is exercised by external intimidation, but probably in the greater number of cases the mind itself is enslaved. The votes of a thousand plasterers or painters now on strike would simply enforce on an entire constituency the resolutions which might have been adopted by two or three leaders of their body. That the doctrines of the operatives are absurd, and their whole system of political economy a chimera, is but a minor argument against the project of handing over the Constitution to their caprice. Society has outlived the theory of balances and the doctrine of protection, and, sooner or later, the organization of labour will in the same manner be recognised as an obsolete form of nonsense. It is not equally certain that liberty will be strong enough to throw off the pressure of a disciplined multitude. In France the mass of the population willingly submit to a master whom they have imposed on the wealthy and intelligent classes by the cheap sacrifice of their own freedom and dignity. The process of establishing despotism in England would be less simple and rapid, but the first step in the downward course will be taken when individual feelings and opinions disappear in the undistinguishable uniformity of organized numbers.

The alarming results of Trades' Unions, though they ought to act as a warning to thoughtless reformers, are not to be altogether regarded as arguments against reform. The power of combination, like every other indication of strength, gives the class in which it is found an additional claim to the respect of statesmen and legislators. The process of admitting new elements into the Constitution is delicate and often disagreeable, but the exclusion of any actual political force involves a more imminent risk of deranging the system. It might even be plausibly argued that the vicious organization of the working classes is strengthened by the distinction between the present holders of the franchise and the great body of non-electors. Legislation ought, as far as possible, to discountenance the formation of separate castes or classes. The less prosperous operatives are sufficiently anxious to keep their successful competitors from rising in the world; and it is not desirable that humble ambition should find itself repressed from above as well as from below. Many persons who have endeavoured to ascertain the true opinions of the superior operatives assert that no portion of society is in reality more opposed to the levelling doctrines of Mr. **BRIGHT** and his supporters. The aristocracy of manual labour, while it is desirous to take its place in the Constitution, may not unnaturally object to be swamped by the indiscriminate admission of the multitude. The true theory of representation is not confined to the relation between constituents and members of Parliament. The electors themselves ought in turn to represent the interests and feelings of their own unprivileged equals, and of their inferiors in the social scale.

If it were possible to enfranchise the higher portion of the working classes without admitting the entire body, the Socialist doctrines which interfere so grievously with the progress of industry would perhaps be occasionally brought forward in Parliament, or at least they would be urged on the attention of candidates. Publicity and free discussion furnish the best correctives of error, and the intelligent workman would soon recognise the anomaly of regulations contrived for the purpose of increasing the supply of labour so as to deprive him of the benefit of his natural monopoly. He would also perhaps discover that while honest and industrious workmen are to be regarded with respect and consideration, their condition is, notwithstanding the flattery of their courtiers, necessarily the lowest in the community. Their mode of life is perhaps as happy as any other, and it is assuredly as useful; but no man lives by choice through the labour of his hands, and what is true of every workman in his individual capacity necessarily applies to the collective body. Institutions in which merit and fortune operate as political disqualifications are strangely opposed to the natural condition of society, and it is obvious that the sovereignty of numbers is equivalent to the absolute supremacy of the working class.

There is nothing new in the suggestion that the claims of the operatives should, if possible, be satisfied by some compromise which would give them a reasonable share of influence on public affairs. Almost all serious projectors of schemes for the improvement of the representative system have attempted to deal with the problem, though none have succeeded in finding the solution. The so-called fancy franchises might perhaps in some degree be so arranged as to promote the object, although they are defective in so far

as they fail to strike the popular imagination. It is possible that the adoption of a 6*l.* rating in boroughs may tend by a rougher machinery to produce the same result. It is only certain that no beneficial consequences can follow from the repetition of conventional, hollow, and delusive eulogies on the character of the working man.

THE PAST SESSION.

IF a session of the English Parliament could serve no other purpose than that of amending and adding to the Statute-book, the Parliamentary history of the present year would be a total blank. Not a single Act has been passed of even second-rate importance. Not a single measure has been passed into law which shows statesmanship in its framers, or is destined to produce any marked change for better or worse in the condition of England. But Parliament has other functions to fulfil than that of legislating; and if we judge by other tests than the Statute-book, we may fairly pronounce the past session an eventful and an important one. It has been signalized by two great facts, the establishment of which furnishes at least some set-off against much that is unsatisfactory and disappointing. It has fixed the position of the Conservative party in the country; and it has witnessed the formation of a very definite opinion in the nation as to the conduct of its foreign affairs. A session is but a short time in the history of a great people, and a period of six months cannot be called entirely barren which has borne fruits indicative of such large results. The admirers of Constitutional government need not be ashamed of the comparison which neighbouring despotisms suggest either as regards domestic administration or external policy. In France, not only does the Empire fail to attract new adherents capable of administering public affairs, but the actual servants of the EMPEROR are treated with increasing ignominy and distrust. In Austria, the promised reforms are delayed week after week, because no Cabinet can be formed that has a fair chance of carrying them into effect. Here, after a band of candidates for office had been trained for years in the instructive exile of opposition, we have given them a chance of governing almost on their own terms. We have put up with mistake after mistake; we have allowed them to shift their opinions, play with their principles, cajole individuals, and keep England at a momentous crisis virtually without a Ministry, simply that they might show exactly how far they were able to govern the country and how far they were unable. After this elaborate trial, they have been pronounced incompetent; but they have retired in defeat rather than in disgrace, and reduced to their proper political level rather than diminished in numbers or influence. It is quite as material that the right men should have the conduct of current affairs, and that the wrong men should still have their due weight, as that the laws of a very happy and a very well-governed country should receive a slight improvement.

Foreign politics, however, have been the great feature of the session, and the decisive, continuous, and consistent action which the judgment of the nation has exercised on the executive Government has been without a parallel in the history of England. We may be sure that a nation has made a great advance in political wisdom which has been capable of taking the line that England has taken, and of taking it calmly, deliberately, and unanimously. Never for a moment has the English nation swerved in its sympathy for Italian liberty. Never for an instant has it suffered itself to become the catspaw of the French Empire. Awaking to a sense of its own danger, it has insisted on adequate provision being made for the safety of its shores. Ministers have wavered and diplomatized, and sneered. They have shot their arrows against this ally and against that; they have alternately preached against despots and against republicans; they have intrigued against Imperialism and caressed it; they have talked peace and prepared for war. But the nation has held steadily on its settled course. It has had no respect of persons. Mr. DISRAELI tried to laugh down the Italians, as if they were English opponents excluding him from office. The country, however, has never failed to pay its tribute of honour to Italian patriotism, or to recognise the substantial justice of a cause temporarily overclouded by the ill-fated alliance of Sardinia with France. Lord PALMERSTON sneered at the hearty desire of Englishmen to defend their homes and their liberties with their substance and their lives. But he has been made to feel that if he wishes to remain at the head of the Government, he must permit England

to trust for safety to her navy and her firearms, and not to the capricious good humour of a foreign Prince, supposed to be won over by obsequious flattery. Parliament sits not only to pass Bills, but to make known to the Executive and to the civilized world what is the opinion entertained by the country on great questions; and a session cannot be called altogether barren or unprofitable in which Parliament has imposed on successive Ministers a foreign policy alike dignified, honourable, and prudent.

The Reform Bill was the first test of the Derbyite Government. Apparently there could have been no issue more unfortunate for them, though in reality they were equally unprepared to deal with any question large enough to bring them into collision with the general body of Liberals. But, even in the opinion of nine-tenths of their own adherents, their Reform Bill was a more conspicuous failure than it need have been. It is true that, as Mr. DISRAELI urged, it would have been certain to meet with opposition, whatever had been its provisions. But they might have produced a measure which would have answered one of two ends. They might have determined to secure for themselves the credit of having settled a vexatious question in some way or other, and have produced the mere outline of a Bill, leaving it to the House to fill it up for them. This was the course they pursued with the India Bill last year; and although it is a course which proclaims that those who take it are consciously incompetent for the higher functions of statesmanship, it would have prolonged their tenure of office, and gained them favour with the large body, both in and out of the House, whose only wish about a Reform Bill was to get rid of the question. Or, if they despised this line of conduct, they might have produced a Bill that should have reflected, and, at the same time, shaped, the principles of their party. They might have submitted to the country a distinct and intelligible programme of Conservative reform. Instead of attaining either of these ends, they offered a confused group of changes in the electoral system—some democratic, some outrageously favourable to the great landowners—all incomprehensible without much study, and framed so as not only to alienate the general public but to irritate particular individuals. In the great debate on this unfortunate Bill they made a very fair figure. But the success they achieved was a purely rhetorical one. They gained credit as debaters, but entirely failed to impress the nation with a favourable opinion of their judgment and capacity. In spite of the widely felt anxiety to have the Reform question got rid of, they were not allowed to proceed with a measure which was characterized by the radical defect that it proceeded from men who had shown themselves utterly unable to understand what the country would accept. They were defeated on a division; and, stung by Lord PALMERSTON'S contemptuous patronage into a desire to disappoint him, and clinging to office, partly from weakness, and partly from a belief in the possible success of party manœuvring, Lord DERBY took the very false step of appealing to the country.

The main result of the elections was very unfavourable to the DERBYITE party. The superficial advantage of a numerical gain was greatly outweighed by the impression spread throughout the country that the Conservatives had no Conservative principles whatever. There was no public object, or policy, or measure which they cared for, or believed in, or desired, or disliked. They simply wished their party to be in, and were prepared to spend any amount of money, to do any kind of jobs, and eat any kind of dirt, so that what was called a Conservative might be returned, and what was called a Liberal might be kept out. Their opponents probably had recourse equally freely to the arts of corruption; but the Conservatives have to bear the blame of making the appeal to the constituencies avowedly a contest, not of principle, but of personal influence. The election also revealed the gulf which separates the educated classes of the country from the Conservative party as led by Mr. DISRAELI. The Conservatives could not get the sort of candidates who bring distinction to a party. Men of intelligence and honesty refuse to bind themselves up with a party which is under the guidance of a leader for whom they can entertain so very little respect. While Sir ROBERT PEEL led the Conservatives, he attracted even a more than proportionate share of the rising men of the day to his standard. But, great as has been Mr. DISRAELI'S success otherwise, he has done the party of whose blind fidelity he has made such ample use the great disservice of dissociating from them those allies whom the Conservatives ought always to be able to count on among the educated and

independent. Lord DERBY's Cabinet met the new Parliament with a conviction that they had striven in vain. Mr. DISRAELI tried to elude the sentence of condemnation by a very characteristic artifice. But he had to do with adversaries far too sure of their prey to let him escape, and the division on Lord HARTINGTON's motion dealt the deathblow to a Ministry which had received an ample trial and had conclusively proved that there was no sympathy between it and the nation at large.

The foreign policy of the late Government also, although well meant and substantially right, was sufficiently indiscreet and sufficiently obscure to make a change of Ministry generally welcome. It may be doubtful whether any English Government could have absolutely prevented the war, for England had made up its mind to be neutral, and the neutrality of England left LOUIS NAPOLEON free to act as he pleased. But certainly, if the influence of the British Cabinet could have secured peace, there was too little consistency, clear-sightedness, and determination in Lord MALMESBURY's conduct of foreign affairs to give this influence its proper chance. Nor did the views of the Ministry exactly harmonize with those of the nation. The Ministry was, if not hostile, yet avowedly indifferent to the Italian cause, while the nation was only prevented from expressing a hearty sympathy with that cause by a profound distrust of France. We cannot even say that Lord DERBY's Cabinet was strictly neutral. Mr. DISRAELI pronounced Austria to be acting in a spirit of dignified conciliation, after intelligence had been received that she intended to send that ultimatum to Sardinia, the despatch of which Lord DERBY pronounced a criminal act. Nor can we avoid interpreting Mr. DISRAELI's conduct in office by his subsequent language when out of office. Between a Minister who could sneer at the Italians, and a country ardent in its sympathy for Italy, there was an interval of feeling which, in some way or other, could not fail to make the foreign policy of the Cabinet of which Mr. DISRAELI was so prominent a member distasteful to the majority of Englishmen.

The accession of a Ministry comprising Lord PALMERSTON, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Mr. GLADSTONE among its members, gave ample assurance that Italy would receive from England all the consideration and aid which, at the present crisis, it is in the power of England to bestow. But, although this much was secured, there were parts of the foreign policy of the new Ministry as to which the nation was not quite easy. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL committed the almost incredible error of abusing the English press for speaking freely of the Emperor of the FRENCH. The manner in which this attack was received, both in and out of the House, has probably convinced them that it is impossible to prevent Englishmen from criticizing the acts of a man who is the most prominent person in Europe, who makes war and peace as he pleases, and to frustrate whose supposed designs against England the Government was at that very time asking for the enormous sum of twenty-five millions as the amount of our military expenditure. It is true that the nation had to insist that the Cabinet should ask for so large a sum. A continual pressure was exercised on the Government until it had finally arrived at the conclusion that its existence depended on satisfying the general desire for increased security against French attack. At the end of the session, the Cabinet had inspired a moderate degree of confidence in its foreign policy; and Lord ELCHO's ill-considered motion terminated in a license being tacitly given to the Ministry to deal as they pleased with the very difficult question of a Congress.

But although a session cannot be considered utterly wasted which has witnessed the trial and the fall of the Derbyite Government, and also the gradual formation of a national foreign policy, it cannot be denied that the total absence of all new legislation is a considerable price to pay for a satisfactory adjustment even of points so important. The fall of the late Cabinet put an end to the excellent measure by which Sir HUGH CAIRNS proposed to simplify the titles of English landed property; and this was the only measure of importance that obtained so much as a preliminary hearing. Even in matters where there is almost always some slight novelty to notice, there is this year nothing to record. The Budget was founded on a financial policy that was avowedly temporary; and the simple resource of augmenting the Income-tax until it covered all deficiencies was supposed to unite the advantages of supplying the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with funds and of instilling into the nation the salutary lesson that it must be prepared for sacrifices if it wishes to make itself secure against aggression.

We can only hope that the next session may wipe off some of the arrears of legislation which this session has accumulated, and especially that it may clear the ground for the future by terminating, in a manner neither illusory nor extravagant, the languid, but chronic, agitation for a new Reform Bill.

THE APOSTLE OF PEACE.

MR. COBDEN'S addresses to his constituents at Rochdale will disappoint many who had hoped that his period of retirement from public life would mellow his hard, and rather uncharitable logic into a ripper wisdom than commonly belongs to politicians of his school. Everything was favourable to such a transformation. He went to America, and was received almost with an ovation. During his absence he learned that an important constituency had elected him without solicitation and without opposition. The first news that welcomed him on his return home was, that a Minister whom he had never spared in debate was anxious to obtain his services as a colleague. If anything could have made Mr. COBDEN genial and unsuspicious in his political views, it might surely have been the flattering homage which has been paid to his undoubted abilities. But Mr. COBDEN is still himself; and the common sense on which he prides himself is as much marred as ever by groundless imputations of unworthy motives, and by sordid calculations of the cost of maintaining the honour and independence of the country. The violent abuse with which Mr. BRIGHT has vainly striven to stir up a feud of classes is scarcely more spiteful than the tone of Mr. COBDEN's comments on domestic affairs. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN, and the electors of Rochdale, are, it seems, almost the only representatives of electoral purity. Fifty men honestly returned may perhaps be found in the House of Commons, but the scanty band who represent boroughs as glorious as Rochdale are lost in an overpowering majority for whose constituents there is little to be said. Parliament, we are told, is elected almost universally by compulsion in the counties, and corruption in the boroughs; and the reason is, of course, that the House of Commons does not care to put down a system which tends to throw political power into the hands of the great families and the rich. This kind of thing is only what we are used to from Mr. BRIGHT, but a man of Mr. COBDEN's shrewdness might have been expected to take a less narrow and prejudiced view of a very important question. The indirect moral evils of bribery have been as much overlooked as its political mischief has been exaggerated, but nothing can be further from the truth than Mr. COBDEN's solemn asseveration that the evil is wholly attributable to the insincerity of the professed attempts of Parliament to eradicate it. The truth is sufficiently patent to any one who chooses to recognise it. The defect is not in the law, but in society itself. To be guilty of bribery is not an offence which men are ashamed to confess to their friends, and it is doubtful whether the acceptance of a bribe much degrades a ten-pound householder in the eyes of his associates. We have not even heard that Mr. BRIGHT has thought it necessary to repudiate his brother-in-law; and though Mr. COBDEN professes to desire to see an ex-M.P. in a prison dress, with his head shaved, we doubt whether he would recognise the justice of the sentence were it to fall, as it would be likely enough to do, upon a politician of his own immediate party. It would be a very great advance in public morality if the bribery of electors were regarded with as much horror as the bribery of judges happily is at the present day. But society has not yet come up to this pitch of virtue; and so far from the evil being encouraged by the laxity of existing measures of repression, the notorious fact is that the laws enacted by Parliament are far in advance of public feeling, and have failed, not for want of sincerity in their authors, but because people cannot be brought to regard as a serious crime the offence which statute after statute has loaded with accumulated penalties.

If Mr. COBDEN has not learned to be candid in his judgment of others, neither has he forgotten how to turn to good account the arts of sophistry. It is quite possible that his predilection for the Ballot may have survived his experience of American politics; but if he desires to recommend it, he might have hit upon some argument less insulting to the intelligence of his hearers than an appeal to the success of secret voting in America and France. He has but recently returned from the society of an American statesman who has

sadly predicted the ultimate dissolution of the Union as the result of the growing corruption of the electoral bodies. The fact is not one over which Englishmen could, if they would, exult; but it is a fact which Mr. COBDEN must have had present to his mind when he read to his constituents a letter from a Philadelphian friend, to prove that the Ballot renders bribery impossible. As secret voting is not the practice in the United States, whilst corruption is notoriously a growing evil, it must have required all Mr. COBDEN's coolness to appeal to an example which, if it could be considered as proving anything, would really be conclusive against his views.

There was much force in his plea for allowing the Italians to organize their own governments, free from compulsion, whether on the part of France, of Austria, or of a Congress of Powers; and, as the same opinions are held by every sane man in the country, and have been distinctly avowed by more than one member of the Government, the subject afforded little scope for unfairness. As usual, it was against the defence of the country that Mr. COBDEN turned his favourite weapons. With amazing forbearance, he professed to concede full liberty to the press; but it is not easy to comply with what he calls his reasonable request, that the newspapers will write so as not to make him ridiculous. Quite apart from the extravagance of his views on the subject of national defence, the reasoning by which he endeavoured to support them would have been childish if it were possible to think it sincere. Mr. COBDEN is the apostle of the economical peace-party, and his Rochdale speech is avowedly addressed as a manifesto to the community at large. It may, therefore, be worth while, even at the risk of exposing him to ridicule, to look into the character of his objections to the defensive armaments on which the country has insisted, and to which the Government is pledged. Even Mr. COBDEN does not advocate total disarmament or recommend implicit trust in any man; but what he strives to prove is, that even before the late additions to our strength, we had that amount of material security which, as he admits, all rational men must desire. The whimsical irrelevance of his arguments makes it difficult to treat them with becoming seriousness. First of all, it is urged that we spend in defending ourselves against LOUIS NAPOLEON at least 6,000,000*l.* a year, which exceeds the value of our trade with France. Hence the consequence, "as a political economical maxim, that it would be for the benefit of England if France did not exist." Admitting that it would be so, we have not heard that France is willing to put an end to her national existence for our exclusive benefit; and it is difficult to comprehend the reasoning which deprecates precautions against a neighbouring State merely because it is so dangerous as to make it desirable to get rid of it altogether. The next plea is the well-worn one, that the naval armaments of France have been provoked by the criticisms of our press—a statement which would be very material, if it did not represent the effect as preceding the cause. Whatever offence the frankness of recent comments may have given, they can scarcely be held answerable for armaments which were planned and half completed before England had grown ashamed of flattering her faithful ally. But Mr. COBDEN's score of excellent reasons is strengthened by one which he has imported fresh from the United States. The *New York Times* is of opinion that a craze on the subject of invasion has taken possession of the English mind, which is of course quite a conclusive reason for immediately dismantling half our ships. Probably Mr. COBDEN would admit that all these preliminary arguments were only thrown out as skirmishers to engage the attention of his Rochdale friends, and that the necessity for defence is not really diminished by the fact that France is upon the whole an undesirable neighbour, or by our own disrespectful habit of criticism, or even by the facetiousness of a Yankee paper. But the crowning argument is one which he would scarcely have ventured on if he had known how familiar the statistics of the question had become in England while he was reading the *New York Times*, and contemplating the peaceful purity of Pennsylvania elections. He has made the discovery that the English navy, when at its lowest point, was incomparably stronger than that of France, because it could set off against its inferiority in liners and frigates a considerable number of gun-boats, which the best professional judges have declared to be the most effective vessels for defensive purposes. If Mr. COBDEN really meant that the comparative strength of two fleets is to be counted by the number of keels and not by the amount of steam

power or the weight of the aggregate broadsides, we only wish that he would try his hand at engaging a first-rate with a single gun-boat; but it is really less uncharitable to suppose that he was conscious of the unfairness of his own comparison.

Happily, we have now many more vessels of the largest size than we had at the time when Mr. COBDEN pronounces our navy to have been so much more than a match for that of France; and if it were only safe to count gun-boats against liners and frigates, we should have at this moment an immense superiority. So, at least, he should believe; but, with happy inconsistency, he concludes his array of reasons by saying that France will never suffer our fleet to be superior to her own. The fact which every one knows is that, without a much larger force than that of France, it would be impossible for England to keep a home fleet which could cope with the squadrons which a few days of war would bring into the Channel. France has no more reason to be jealous of any superiority of our navy than we have to attempt a rivalry with her enormous army. But it is plainly essential to our safety either to make the Channel our own line of defence, or, if that is to be left open to an enemy, then to establish the same frontier defences and to maintain the same army which would be necessary if England chanced to be a Continental State. The occupation of the Channel is unquestionably the more effectual and the cheaper alternative; and until Mr. COBDEN has succeeded in holding the narrow seas with a fleet of gun-boats, we must continue to believe in the necessity of keeping the English fleet up to the same standard of superiority which was maintained during the centuries for which this island has been free from foreign invasion. It is somewhat illogical to appeal, as Mr. COBDEN does, to our long immunity as a reason for abandoning the policy by which it was secured; but the obligation of confining himself to honest arguments is one which he has unfortunately not yet learned to recognise.

THE RETURN OF THE DYNASTIES.

A NATION whose well-being has been sacrificed for forty years to ensure the security of others has a claim, when the sacrifice is no longer necessary, upon those for whom it was made. By the treaty of Vienna, Italy became a slave that Europe might be free from danger. At an hour when the Continent was still trembling from the shock of a recent earthquake, and when men were still agitated by the thought of perils they had escaped, Austria was placed in the Italian peninsula to keep the keys of a military position, which was to be a barrier against a second French revolution and a second NAPOLEON. Full of a kind of wild terror, the crowned heads of Europe saw in change and progress only the advent of fresh trouble and disorder. The Holy Alliance arose, and initiated that fatal policy which permitted despotism to interfere beyond its own frontiers. Effete government and old abuses revived in Italy under Austrian auspices, and Europe thought herself all the safer. When the clouds passed over, and French Imperialism was no longer formidable, still Austria held her post. The system of intervention which she had formerly exercised in the interest of all, she now refused to abandon for her own sake. What was at one time a matter of military importance to Europe had become a political necessity for herself. No change could be tolerated in Italy, lest the noise of reform might waken Lombardy and Venice, and perhaps reverberate beyond the Alps. Thus her influence grew into a weight and incubus which Italy has not been able to shake off. Sinister threats from Vienna checked every tendency on the part of Italian rulers to bestow on their subjects free speech or better institutions. Despatch after despatch poured into Naples, Modena, Parma, and Tuscany, asserting the unalterable determination of the House of Hapsburg to allow no trifling with Liberalism. Foreign ambassadors were told that Austria would risk war sooner than relinquish her practice of intervention. From those days to this, neither the Two Sicilies, nor the Duchies, nor the Legations have been free. They have been kept in continual bondage by threats, intrigues, and overt acts of constraint. Each grant of a constitution has been regarded as an act of hostility to their powerful neighbour. Piedmont, after years of Austrian menace and espionage, has won her way to freedom at the risk of her very existence as a State. Which of us has forgotten how Austrian swords have restored fugitive tyrants to their Italian sovereignties, Austrian dungeons received Italian prisoners, Austrian regiments been re-

cruited from Italian subjects? In the Romagna, men have been tried, shot, and, on rare occasions, pardoned, in the name and by the authority of the Viennese Emperor.

It is not necessary to dwell at length upon the moral injury inflicted on a people by a long course of political servitude. Foreign domination saps the foundation of national character, and paralyses a people both body and soul. By the decree of Europe, and for the sake of Europe, the Italians have undergone a dreary period of oppression. Who can say that they have suffered nothing more than the mere suspension of political life? So long, indeed, as the treaties of 1815 were in force, there was no little difficulty in insisting that Austria should modify a line of conduct which, if not actually sanctioned by those documents, was tacitly contemplated by the diplomatists who drew them. But the Treaty of Vienna, so far as the late belligerents are concerned, is worth at this moment just so much waste paper. It has been set aside by the acts of France and Austria, and it now exists no more, except so far as other Powers may think themselves interested in insisting on its provisions. War can break what war can make, and the covenants which war secured some forty years ago, war has now broken and scattered to the winds. Even an unrighteous and uncalled-for war has this advantage, that it repeals the foolish legislation of the past. Is Austria again to be replaced in the position she occupied before? Her influence in Italy, so far from being a protection to the world's peace, is a sure source of general confusion. French raid and Imperial aggression will never cease while Austria rules in the Peninsula. If Europe still requires a barrier against Napoleonism, let her seek it in the building up of a free, a powerful, and an enlightened nation beyond the Alps. Such are or should be the thoughts of those who, fully alive to the dangers of a French Empire, have yet learnt from experience to discard, together with our antiquated fire-locks, other equally old and equally useless means of self-defence.

But France as well as Europe has an obligation to discharge towards Italy. It was the fiat of NAPOLEON I. which gave Venice to Austria; it was the sad recollection of the miseries of French occupation which made Lombardy and the rest of the Peninsula acquiesce more easily in their new masters; it was the career of the last French EMPEROR which rendered their transfer to those masters necessary. When LOUIS NAPOLEON drew the sword, and the French Eagles crossed the Alps, he proclaimed that Italy should hereafter be independent. Many thousand men sleep on the plains of Lombardy, having shed their blood for the cause of Italian liberty. If the cause for which they fell was any cause at all, it surely meant that the electric chain of Austrian influence which ran from Verona to Naples was to be broken off close to the head—that the miserable tools of Austria were no longer to oppress Italian provinces, each serving as a check upon his fellow puppets. The cession of Lombardy is a mere nothing, if the Duchies are to take back the Dukes. It was not Austria's possession of Lombardy that brought on the late explosion, and it will not be her abandonment of it that will save us from another. Lombardy she has ere now offered to resign for a pecuniary equivalent; but the Duchies, in her eyes, are the gates to Italy. It will indeed be a miserable peace to close a miserable war, if the imbecile and tyrannical rulers that take refuge on Austrian soil at the least sound of alarm are again to overrun the land which they have so long oppressed. A tempest is of little good which does not clear the atmosphere. Are we to have these poisonous insects swarming back with the return of sunny weather, and to wait for a second and more effectual thunderstorm to rid us of them? Let us hope that "illusory arrangements" are as common among crowned heads as among would-be English politicians, and that the mild conditions of the Villafranca compromise are designed to cover, on the part of FRANCIS JOSEPH, a dignified withdrawal from his perilous claim. But we are not over sanguine. The controverted point is not one which the Court of Vienna deems of slight importance. It has held on grimly to the Duchies through many a cloudy day, despite the warnings of friends and the muttered menaces of foes. There is reason to fear that it has not yet been beaten from its hold—that the battle has not been fought which is to liberate Central Italy.

With anxious solicitude to see how these difficulties will be settled, Europe this day watches the Conference at Zurich. The court has met, the judges are seated, the doors closed, and Italy stands without, waiting for the sentence. Whatever the decision of the conclave, the attitude of the Italians is

the attitude of men who hope the best, but are ready for the worst. For the first time in the history of centuries, they have succeeded in winning not only our sympathy but our respect. All is forgotten save that at last they are worthy of their name. Patient and dignified, they appear resolved both to win and to deserve freedom. Tuscany, after an appeal to a suffrage which, though not universal, is wide to an extreme, has returned as the representatives of its population men of proved moderation and illustrious merit. There is not a name of literary, of scientific, of political distinction, which is not found in her list of delegates. The people have signified their national will with dignity and firmness. The machinations of Jesuits, and the still more dangerous intrigues of the MAZZINI party, have been employed in vain in the service of despotism on the one hand, and of anarchy on the other. The Duchies are unwilling to accept Austrian tyranny or the Red Republic as their only alternatives. But, while abstaining from every excess, they are not forgetful of the fact that a crisis may arrive when they will have to depend upon themselves. National regiments are forming which receive each hour considerable accessions of strength in the shape of volunteers from every part of Italy, and General GARIBOLDI, by the common voice, has been summoned to take command. Meanwhile, the Zurich negotiations show no symptoms of an approaching termination. Rumours of windy dissension and wordy diplomatic war leak out from behind the closed doors to the world. France is perplexed, and Austria is dissatisfied. What will be the result of the deliberations? Bound as he is by covenant to permit the re-installation of the dynasties, NAPOLEON III. can scarcely consent that force shall be employed by FRANCIS JOSEPH—still less can he prostitute the French flag by re-throning Austrian Dukes at the point of French bayonets. His interests would lead him to desire that a compromise should be made, and one or more of the ducal crowns placed on the head of members of his own family. Will Austria surrender what she has kept for half a century, and bargained for under all the pressure of defeat? One thing at least remains. There is a Court of Appeal higher than the self-appointed Court of Zurich. Fortunately the day is not yet come when Europe is to take no part in the re-settlement of her territorial map. The decision of two Imperial judges is not necessarily final as regards the political life and liberty of a great people. If the CÆSARS fail her, Italy may appeal from the CÆSARS. Whether England will consent to take part in a more general Congress will depend upon the basis on which such Congress is to treat. But England, powerful though peaceful, will not keep silence if an attempt is made to reimpose on the Italians the fetters which have been snapt at last—will not see calmly an effort to legalize for ever that policy of interference which has led this year to war and agitation. In the name of the future quiet of the world, we have a right to demand that the dynasties shall not be restored, if foreign intervention is requisite to restore them.

PHILANTHROPY.

PERHAPS a person whose opinions were formed exclusively upon *a priori* grounds would be inclined to doubt whether any occupation could be nobler in itself, or more elevating in its effects on the characters of those who pursued it, than disinterested efforts to improve the condition of others. A lifetime exclusively devoted to philanthropy might probably be expected to be as well spent, and to produce as its final result as noble a specimen of a human being, as any career that could be mentioned. Perhaps our own time and country afford better opportunities than any other of judging of the degree in which this ideal is realized. A considerable and conspicuous class amongst us do actually pass their lives, to a very great extent, in philanthropic employments. The number of societies which aim at the removal of every kind of human ailment and the alleviation of every sort of unavoidable misfortune is incalculable. Some of them dispose of revenues equal to those of a minor Continental State. All find a vast amount of occupation for the thoughts and the practical energies of large numbers of men, and of still larger numbers of women, in the upper and middle classes of society. That such societies do, in fact, produce a vast amount of good, there can be no doubt at all. They do, most unquestionably, prevent a great deal of suffering, and open to an immense number of persons modes of escape from the consequences of their own faults and follies. It is also unquestionable that they enable the rich not only to show sympathy to the poor, but to study the evils which poverty entails with a degree of care and intelligence which is probably unexampled in the history of modern Europe. It is indeed unnecessary to sing the praises of these institutions. They

are praised at home and envied abroad (as M. Simon's work on Liberty abundantly proves) as some of the most enduring and characteristic of our national claims to greatness. There is, however, another question connected with our philanthropic associations which the contemplation of them suggests, and which it is by no means so easy to answer favourably as that which has reference to their immediate effects. How do they influence those who manage them? Are those whose lives are passed in philanthropic undertakings the best and noblest specimens of humanity supplied by our age and nation? We do not suppose that any one would seriously answer the question in the affirmative. We are far from wishing to join in the vulgar cry which affirms (very falsely, as far as our experience goes) that those who concern themselves most strongly for charity abroad care least for charity at home—that you may know the children of a lady who interests herself about schools and reformatories by their ignorance and naughtiness—or that a lively concern for the blacks in South Africa is generally accompanied by indifference to the homeless poor in London. To assert that a particular state of facts is true, because, if it were true, it would present an effective contrast, is a mode of proceeding of which we disapprove as heartily as any one; but we certainly are not prepared to dispute the soundness of the common sentiment which asserts that philanthopists are far from holding the same rank amongst human beings that philanthropy might be supposed to hold amongst human occupations. No one expects that a person principally occupied in philanthropy will be very wise, very sympathetic, or very large-minded. We are rather apt to associate the name of a philanthropist with a certain narrowness of understanding, and not unfrequently with a good deal of coldness of temper.

It is a very curious question why this is so, and it appears to us that the answer to it throws light upon a department of thought which usually receives less attention than it deserves. An exclusive devotion to philanthropy, as it is usually understood, fosters a low view of life. Philanthropic undertakings, to be successful, must aim at specific purposes, and must be undertaken by the combination of a considerable number of persons. When set on foot they are very apt to assume, in the eyes of those who are connected with them, a degree of importance which they do not really deserve. It is one of the disadvantages of the intense love of business and active life which is the special characteristic of all classes in this country, that a man's hobby soon comes to appear to him the one thing needful. Whether it is education, or reformatories, or missions to the heathen to which he devotes himself, he gets to look at every part of life in relation to his object, and to estimate its value accordingly. Philanthropists thus come to look upon their fellow-creatures, not as men and women, but as beings capable of being sent to school, to prison, or to church—of being, in some form or other, restrained and remodelled. For many obvious reasons such theories get the character of being especially safe and orthodox, for they fall in admirably with the popular Manicheism which regards human nature as a sort of *malum in se*. It is needless to say that this is not the view of life which will lead people to discharge its great functions in the broad and noble temper in which they should be discharged. To acquire and appreciate that temper it is necessary that men should sedulously engage themselves in positive pursuits—that they should enter upon some of the great careers of life, and try to obtain excellence in them. Those, however, who do this are not usually the persons who are most anxious to recast the characters of others into any uniform type. They see the imperfection of commonly received opinions and the stunted character of the ordinary ideals of goodness too strongly to be very keen about their indefinite multiplication. Practical philanthropy, as understood in our own time and country, could not be carried on if it were not based on an unhesitating confidence in the truth of some small definite theory as to what men ought to be and how they ought to feel.

The theory of life which philanthropists have practically been led to adopt is singularly characteristic. Their great distinctive feature is intense pity for wretchedness. They do not pity people for being wicked, so much as for those forms of wickedness which make them physically wretched. With pride, avarice, and worldliness they wage no war; but drunkenness, ignorance, and improvidence enlist their keenest sympathies. It seems, therefore, that it is fair to say that their theory, thrown into a dogmatic form, would consist of little more than the one doctrine that to be uncomfortable is the great evil of life, and that to rid people of their discomforts is the very highest vocation to which men can address themselves. This conception is simply a generalization from the career of any ordinary well-to-do Englishman. Moderate order, moderate comfort, moderate success—the attainment on the part of one person in a hundred of that sort of position which the other ninety-nine attain without conscious effort—is the kind of object which philanthropists propose, not to themselves, but to their neighbours, as the result of the benevolent exertions in which their lives are passed. They are quite contented that people should endure the ordinary evils of life. That they should be ill, if there are hospitals to receive them in illness—that they should work late and early at all sorts of unpleasant tasks, so long as they can read, write, and cypher—in a word, that they should experience all the diseases so long as they are provided with the medicines of life, appears to these pious and amiable people an arrangement with which it would not only be useless to quarrel, but at which it would be impious to repine.

This keen anxiety to reduce the amount of suffering in the world, though the general necessity of its existence is admitted, would be strange if it were not so common. It shows conclusively how much even the most pious and amiable of ordinary English people have fallen into the habit of caring about the accidents whilst they are comparatively indifferent to the substance of life. True, they say, we are, and must remain, sinners and dying men; we must expect illness, the loss of friends, poverty, and old age; we must expect to see the great mass of men walking along the broad, and not the narrow path. What, then, remains for us to do? Let us pity and console them—let us, if possible, reclaim them from being sinners at all. But if that enterprise is hopeless, let us at least rack our ingenuity to make them comfortable and not miserable sinners. We would not willingly say a word which could prevent a single kind action, but it is right to look upon the side of the question which we have indicated, for it is of vast importance. Like many other words, the word "comfort" is curiously illustrated by its etymology. It means consolation, relief, the alleviation of suffering; it implies that the background of life is melancholy and painful, and that the best thing that can be done for men is to make it a little less gloomy and unsuccessful than it naturally is. It will, we think, be found upon examination, that this view lies at the bottom of almost all philanthropic schemes; but it hardly needs to be proved that it is a petty and cowardly one. Life has great and magnificent ends. It is a fatal mistake to look upon it as an evil which can be converted into a good by any amount of comfort; and though it may be most humane and excellent in a man to devote himself to pursuits involving great self-denial in order to increase the comforts of his fellow-creatures, the practice is not without risk, and the risk incurred is nothing less than that the objects of his kindness may come to misapprehend their own position in the world. Instead of feeling heartily ashamed of their past lives, and anxiously desirous to regain something infinitely more valuable than all the comfort in the world—a good conscience, some perception of the real objects of human life, and the habit of making some efforts to obtain them—they will look upon themselves as people who have been got out of a scrape which was rather the fault of circumstances than their own, and from which they have been rescued by an alteration in their circumstances. If we compare this conclusion with the general character of the teaching of those who are the most zealous advocates of philanthropic schemes, their theory and practice will be found to present a contrast not the less striking or instructive because it is essentially amiable, and frequently involves considerable self-denial.

MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

EVERY career has its crowning point. A man may go on for awhile outdoing himself, but sooner or later he reaches his climax. At some moment or other, circumstances take a happy turn—time and place are exactly appropriate—his lucky star is completely in the ascendant. The child of fortune is ready for the opportunity, catches the inspiration of success, and a *chef d'œuvre* is the result. Last Tuesday seems to have been an occasion of this sort for Mr. Spurgeon. He can never hope to improve on the sayings and doings amidst which the foundation-stone of his monster Tabernacle was laid. He shone out in his brightest colours. The *Morning Advertiser* has recorded for us the details of the ceremonial, and they seem to be well worthy of attention as a specimen of the sort of thing that is considered useful and edifying by a large section of society. It must be surely worth while to see what manner of man it is who, week after week, speaks with such force to thousands of well-meaning serious people on the most important subjects—who approves himself to their taste and reason, and expounds to them a system of morals and a theory of the unseen world. With respect to Mr. Spurgeon's disciples we should be sorry to say anything that could seem offensive or disagreeable. Their tastes and ours are so widely different that discussion between us is hopeless. None, however, but a feeble and irritable nature could be so absorbed by their eccentricities as to lose sight of their many sterling and excellent qualities. As to Mr. Spurgeon, he himself has put us quite at our ease in writing about him. In one of his speeches on Tuesday he enunciated his views on the subject of the press. From praise and censure he feels equally secure. Hostile criticism only adds another to his list of triumphs. If newspaper writers "attack him, or attempt to combat his doctrines, he will come out all the stronger." If, on the other hand, in a too generous moment, we should be hurried into a strain of unmeasured eulogium, still no harm can come of it. "When the press begins to praise him, he feels the necessity of Divine support to keep him humble." The worst result, then, can be but to drive him upon his knees, and we may safely venture to scrutinize the scene in which he played so conspicuous a part.

Mr. Spurgeon has resolved upon recording his success as a preacher in the most unmistakable manner. A huge building, which is to cost 20,000*l.* and to hold between six and seven thousand people, is to be the future scene of his exploits. It is to shine, as the *Morning Advertiser* tells us, in all the splendours of Kentish rag with Bath facings, and "to be in what is technically known as the Corinthian style." In front there will be a fine portico, while either side will be flanked by towers. What a paradise for eye and ear the whole will form! What a triumph of civilization, that by a skilful arrangement of twopenny

omnibuses all these delights should be brought within the reach of every old woman in the metropolis! Mr. Spurgeon might well be in good spirits. A little exultation at such a moment was surely appropriate—the hero of such an occasion could not be otherwise than facetious. Indeed he seems to have been in one of his happiest veins of humour, and to have taken a distinctly comic view of the proceedings from beginning to end. His first joke was not a bad one, and told immensely. He advanced, bottle in hand, to the foundation-stone. The bottle contained, as he told the spectators, not current coins of the realm, “for they had none of them to spare”—not newspapers, for they would have been clearly out of place, though it would have been a cheering thought that a copy of the *Saturday Review* reposed in so hallowed a locality. What, then, were its contents, that combined the two essentials of being at once valueless and appropriate? Any one who did not know Mr. Spurgeon's capacity for fun might be surprised to learn that they consisted of a Bible, a Baptist confession of faith, a hymn-book, and a programme of the day's proceedings. This, of course, put every one into thoroughly good spirits. But the speaker did not allow himself to lose sight of the real business of the day. A gentleman from Bristol was introduced, and announced a subscription of 3000*l.* to the Tabernacle. Imagine the raptures of the assembly! Imagine Mr. Spurgeon's eye flashing finely in the background! But the gentleman from Bristol did not stop here. He was authorized to say that if twenty gentlemen would subscribe 100*l.* a-piece, another 2000*l.* would be forthcoming to match their gift. Sir S. Peto led off at once. Mr. Spurgeon followed with another 100*l.* And then things took an amusing turn again. The platform was cleared, and the happy contributors, in defiance of certain obsolete and absurd notions about not doing good works to be seen of men, were requested to ascend, deposited their offerings on the stone, and were rewarded by the privilege of shaking hands with the great man himself. Conceive the enthusiasm of a Baptist lady at having actually touched her Spurgeon!

By this time the shades of evening were gathering, and the company adjourned to the “Repository, lent for the occasion”—an elysium of flags, flowers, variegated lamps, and tea—a sort of serious-minded Cremorne. And here no less a person than the Lord Mayor took up the running. With natural pride he reflected on the fact of their assembling as they did, “with the guardians of the peace around us, to prevent disturbance.” He pointed out the evident superiority of “our beloved young friend, Mr. Spurgeon,” to those poor hirelings who tend their flocks trammelled with episcopal ordination or State authority; and he ended his speech by a most flattering assurance. “My friends,” exclaimed the orator, “I believe that religious truth and religious freedom are quite safe in such hands as yours.” Less distinguished performers followed. The claims of business began to grow more urgent. Mr. Spurgeon naturally felt uneasy at the chance of the 4000*l.* escaping him. The gentleman from Bristol, as he could not get it in hundreds, offered to take it in fifties, and to give three months' credit. Then followed a hymn, during which a number of other subscriptions were announced. The effect of this must have been very fine. The announcements must have formed a pleasing *obligato* to the sacred melody, and the whole must have presented an almost unexampled opportunity for combining heavenly thoughts with considerations of a less sublime description. Matters were now drawing to a close; for the inventive resources even of a Spurgeon are exhaustible. The curtain falls at last upon a comic gentleman, who is received with roars of applause, “and cheered continuously throughout a very humorous and characteristic speech.”

What are we to think of the man who sets all this wretched excitement in motion, and makes himself the centre of it? Does he deserve pity or censure the most? He is, no doubt, a success. “Non eivis contingit adire Corinthum”—it is not every stump-ordinator who gets a Tabernacle with Corinthian columns. But, on the other hand, it is the misfortune of few to record their vanity and presumption in so huge and lasting a memorial. Men's follies, for the most part, die with them; but Mr. Spurgeon's arrogance can hope for no such speedy oblivion. This Tabernacle is a sort of challenge to other times and systems. It is to show the Church what a young Nonconformist can effect; it is to throw all old-fashioned establishments into the shade; it is a sort of slight on the past. The modest buildings where his fathers worshipped, and where those whose office Mr. Spurgeon inherits performed their duties with decency and faithfulness, are quite inadequate for his superior powers. The Tabernacle may, therefore, at any moment become comparatively useless. Its size will be such that few men are likely to be heard in it, still fewer to possess that precise combination of qualities which enables Mr. Spurgeon to collect those vast multitudes around him. A great sum will have been expended to gratify a vulgar whim. Looking at it from another point of view, we cannot congratulate the Baptists on their future place of assembly. We like Dissent as we have known her, *simplex munditiis*, in her modest attire of whitewash and plaster. She will not appear half so respectable in her fine new clothes; she will not be at her ease with towers and porticoes; we shall fail to recognise our old friend. “Eh! non, non, ce n'est plus Lisette!” Her champion, in bedizening her, will have robbed her of her most pleasing characteristics.

But, if the end is objectionable and in bad taste, far more are

the means which Mr. Spurgeon adopts to accomplish it. The proceedings of Tuesday wear an offensively commercial aspect. Mr. Spurgeon's orations seem always to conclude with an appeal for supplies. There is a most suspicious anxiety that his hearers' devotion should take the form of contributions towards the Tabernacle. He has one eye on their souls and the other on their pockets. He mourns over the funds that find their way to other causes than that of truth, and, with all the emphasis of alliteration, complains that “the Protestantism of England is the Pope's paymaster.” *Virtus laudatur et alget*, but the modern saint has no relish for such unsubstantial fare as simple applause. Like Sir Hudibras' “puissant sword,” which was furnished

With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
And served for fight and dinner both,

Mr. Spurgeon's doctrines, after slaying the enemies of the Lord, are available for domestic purposes, and bear a distinct relation to the Three-per-cents.

Mr. Spurgeon's vulgarities seem to us no mere surface fault. If it were so, we should have been content to leave him to his admirers. The harm that such men as this effect lies very much deeper. They degrade the systems of which they profess themselves the advocates. The most elevated doctrines, the sublimest ideas, the most refined sentiments, get a tinge of coarseness in their hands. One touch of Spurgeon vulgarizes the whole. But this is not all. Such a style of preaching as his tends more than anything else to foster a random, shallow, utterly insufficient way of thinking on the gravest subjects. It is for the interest of us all that the tremendous questions which form the basis of all theological speculation should be approached with something of that caution and reverence to which their magnitude and importance justly entitle them. We are all concerned that the domain of thought should not be surrendered into the hands of a mob, that difficult points should not be decided by a boy, and that the persons most entitled to speak with authority should always be secure of a calm hearing. Such congregations as will assemble in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle go far to render such a state of things impossible. The passions of an ignorant, excited multitude become, in fact, the ultimate test of truth. Any piece of rhetoric that tickles the ear passes muster as a sound argument—old worn-out fallacies make their appearance as fresh as ever—accuracy, research, thoughtfulness, are simply thrown away—all that the preacher aims at is to startle, dazzle, or amuse. It is essential to him not only to speak with unhesitating distinctness upon abstruse subjects, but to carry that distinctness a great deal farther than the nature of things will rightly admit of. Mr. Spurgeon accepts the necessities of his position—he rushes in where angels fear to tread. All his outlines are clear and definite; he handles the mysteries of God with that easy familiarity which is so near akin to contempt; he is as much at home in the world of spirits as in the Surrey Hall. With all the temerity of ignorance, he makes merry with difficulties which have been the perplexity of the noblest understandings. Jocular and triumphant, he struts on his own dunghill, and crows his note of triumph to his admiring audience. Never was mortal more completely self-satisfied. “Rien ne me despitte tant en la sottise,” says Montaigne, “que de quoi elle se plaist plus que aulcune raison ne se peut raisonnablement plaire.” Had he been writing in the nineteenth century, would he not have devoted a special essay to the hero of the Southwark Tabernacle?

THE INCOME-TAX.

MR. GLADSTONE'S recent intimation that a comprehensive consideration of our whole system of taxation is to form part of the financial programme of next year had probably more significance than was commonly attributed to it. No man is more competent to direct such an inquiry than the present Chancellor of the Exchequer; no time could be more appropriate for it than the epoch which was vainly assigned for the final abolition of the inevitable Income-tax; and yet we look forward to the discussion with some dismay. The eagerness with which the avowedly provisional arrangements of the present year were canvassed by the party who have hitherto led the opposition to the Income-tax, makes it only too probable that we shall soon see a revival of the unprofitable wrangle which seven or eight years ago culminated in the abortive Report of Joseph Hume's Committee. For more than a year in 1852 and 1853 the Income-tax was the engrossing subject of Parliament and the press. All sorts of theories were ventilated. Political economists, actuaries, mathematicians, and statesmen, all had their say. A Parliamentary Committee worked hard at the subject, yet it is scarcely too much to say that after all this waste of labour not a single fallacy was extinguished, and the subject remained as dark as when the agitation commenced. There are symptoms already that the old parties will run in their old ruts, and, if so, we are doomed to a repetition of the wearisome arguments which wore out the patience of all quiet people before Mr. Gladstone's device of a solemn pledge by Parliament to itself procured the seven years' respite which is soon about to expire. It may not be useless to inquire why it was that the former discussion led to no results, and how it may be possible to get rid at least of the most glaring of the errors which then gained credence. The primary cause of all the confusion which existed and still exists on the subject, was the mixing up in one investigation of a number of questions which had no real connexion with each

other. People rushed into the inquiry how the Income-tax could be fairly adjusted without knowing what they meant by a just and equal tax, and without considering whether it was desirable, or even fair, that the Income-tax, taken by itself, should be made rigorously just.

The only chance of getting clearly through the maze which has been woven round the subject is to separate these essentially distinct inquiries. Whether, having regard to the existence of other burdens, the Income-tax ought to be made fair in itself, is a question involving various political considerations. Whether it is an equal tax as it stands, and, if not, how far it departs from equality, is a pure question of science, with which political expediency has nothing to do. We propose at present to confine ourselves to this latter question, and to consider some of the more prominent opinions which have been put forward on the subject. With scarcely an exception, all the theories, discordant as they are, profess to derive themselves from one common stock. Adam Smith wrote very slightly about taxation, but he laid down one dogma, which has been almost universally accepted as the test of an equal tax. "An equal tax is one under which every one contributes in proportion to his ability." But what is the measure of a man's ability to pay taxes? The ready answer of nine persons out of ten would be—"A man's ability to pay depends, of course, on what he is worth. Find out the exact value of each man's property of every kind, tax him in proportion to that, and you will have an equal tax." There could not be a more palpable blunder than this. The effect of it would be to make taxation, not a levy upon persons according to their means, but a charge upon property according to its value. Clearly this would be a departure from Adam Smith's universally accepted basis. But there is a much more conclusive answer to it—viz., that it would be grossly unjust. A lawyer or doctor who, without ever accumulating as much as 50*l.*, earns 500*l.* a year and spends it, can certainly afford to pay taxes better than an old woman who lives on the income of 100*l.* of consols. Yet, on the system of taxing people in proportion to their capital (which was the most popular doctrine a few years ago) the tax would be a charge on the 100*l.* stock, while the rich lawyer would escape scot free. This crotchet represents one pole of the floating opinions on the Income-tax, and is a very intelligible proposal to tax only rents and interest, and to exempt profits and wages altogether. Most people of common honesty saw the iniquity of such a project, and gave up the false notion of making taxes a charge on capital, instead of a personal impost. But the first position was only abandoned to take up a new line of defence. "We admit that taxation should not fall exclusively on those who are possessed of capital; but a man who has a rent-roll of 100*l.* a year, which can't well be lost, is a richer man—has more means—more ability to pay—than one who earns a precarious income, which may be 100*l.* this year, and perhaps nothing at all the year after. Clearly, two persons so differently situated ought not to be taxed alike." This was the pet dogma of the *Times*—the basis on which actuaries spun their theories for adjusting the tax to every different species of income; and it is perhaps now the most popular of all the Income-tax theories. But while the *Times* and the actuaries were insisting on their grand thesis, that "permanent and precarious incomes ought not to be taxed alike," there rose up yet another school of theorists, who hit upon a device by which to turn the flank of the actuaries' position. "We admit," they said, "the justice of your doctrine. Permanent and precarious incomes ought not to be taxed alike. Nor are they. Neither the Income-tax nor any other tax can be fair if it lasts only for a single year; but make the admission—not an extravagant one—that the Income-tax is a permanent impost, and it will appear not only that incomes of different duration are not taxed alike, but that a uniform tax on every species of income, whether it last one year or a thousand, will be exactly proportioned to the value of the income itself. The longer the income lasts, the longer the tax will last too. Every quality of the income—as, for instance, its uncertainty or its fluctuation—will be represented exactly by a proportionate uncertainty or fluctuation in the tax upon it. Take the most extreme case—a mere chance income of a single year, without the slightest prospect of continuance—still a uniform tax is fair, because, if the income is limited to a single year, so also is the tax."

The actuary party never found an answer to this argument. In fact it was a mathematical demonstration that *if the same percentage be levied on whatever each man receives within the year, such a tax will, in the long run, work absolute justice to all.* There was no possibility of shaking this position; so the mathematicians marched off with flying colours, and proclaimed that if Chancellors of the Exchequer would only let the Income-tax last for ever, it would be the most equitable burden which was ever placed on the shoulders of the people. This was the crowning fallacy of all. The Income-tax which exists is very different indeed from the tax on income whose equality is proved by the reasoning we have quoted.

It will be observed that we have given two statements of the argument—the second being that which is printed in italics. The italicised statement is the form in which the conclusion comes out from the strict mathematical reasoning, and is necessarily correct. The former differs from it only in using the word "income" as the equivalent of the phrase "whatever each man receives within the year." To make the first statement accurate, "income" must be used in this precise sense. If used in any

other sense, the demonstration breaks down. If used as it ordinarily is, with no defined signification at all, that which purports to be a proof as rigid as one of Euclid's propositions becomes a mere play upon words. But the mathematical party had no sooner proved their formula by using words in one sense, than they proceeded to apply it by using the same words in a different sense. Let *income* mean everything which *comes in*—whether as the fruit of labour, the rent of land, the proceeds of luck, or in any way however precarious or even casual—and the position taken up is unassailable. The demonstration is perfect.

Having by this means established the formula, it was only necessary to throw the implied definition overboard in order to obtain the desired conclusion. Let "income" no longer mean every possible receipt, but let it be limited to rent, interest, profits, and wages, to the exclusion of gifts, legacies, and the like acquisitions—which is in fact the popular sense of the word—and then you will have the actual Income-tax which British subjects are compelled to pay. Use one definition of "income" while working out your demonstration, and an entirely different one when you come to apply it, and you have the neatest proof in the world that all the outcry against the Income-tax springs from arithmetical dulness, and that if people would only recognise its beauties, this unpopular tax would appear the most perfect of all financial inventions.

But though the mathematicians somewhat craftily perverted and misapplied their own theory, the theory itself is not the less true. Let us therefore take it as our guide, and see the sort of tax to which it would lead us. Let any one should doubt the sense in which the word income must be used in order to make the demonstration we have referred to sound, we will examine the matter a little more in detail. First of all, for the sake of simplicity, let us consider only incomes which come in the shape of actual cash. One man in this year of ninepenny taxation receives, we will suppose, 100*l.* of rent. That counts for income, as all will agree. Another, whose ordinary rental is 100*l.* a year, receives 100*l.* this year, by taking a fine for the renewal of a lease. That must be taxed as income too, for fines differ from rent only in being precarious or casual instead of continuous. A third person gains 1000*l.* profits in trade. That is undeniably income, though he may never gain another farthing. A fourth gets an unexpected legacy of 100*l.*, and a fifth picks up a 100*l.* note. Are we to reckon these last two sums as income? If we hold by the mathematician's formula, we must; for they only differ from regular income in the great improbability of their recurring in successive years. They are extreme cases of precarious income, and that is all. If, therefore, we believe in our own reasoning, we must consider the legacy, and the picked-up note as income of the year, and charge *gd.* on every pound of them. Go back to first principles, and they lead to the same conclusion. They tell us that a man's taxability is measured by his means—his ability. A 100*l.* got in one way will create the same ability, the same means, as 1000*l.* obtained in any other. And this brings us to what we have said is the definition of income which is implied in the theory. Let it come from what source it will, if a man increases his means by a given sum of money within the year, that is—for the purpose, at any rate, of the reasoning we have quoted—his income of the year on which he ought to pay. Rent, fines, profits, legacies, waifs, gifts, interest, and every other source from which money can come, must be included to make your Income-tax demonstrably fair. Now, how would this differ from the actual tax? Chiefly in including legacies. But these, it may be said, are taxed already; and, moreover, a man who comes into his father's fortune takes it as capital, and not as income, and it is unthrifty policy, confiscation, and we know not what iniquity, to put a tax on capital. Possibly this may be so. But we are not advocating such a tax. All we say is, that you must do one of two things—either use the word income in this extended sense, or else give up your mathematical reasoning as a mere juggle. To insist upon the conclusion while repudiating the implied definition would be as reasonable as to assert one of Euclid's theorems, and, in the same breath, to deny the axioms and definitions out of which it is evolved.

But let us go a step further. As yet we have spoken only of money incomes. But income includes many things besides money, if not in the popular, at any rate in the equal-taxable, sense of the word. If the year's profits of a trader are 1000*l.* worth of unsold silks, that is clearly income. It would go to swell profits in the annual balance sheet, and cannot on any plea escape, and in fact does not now escape, taxation. A stock-jobber's annual gains may be 1000*l.* of Consols, and no money at all. That, too, must be victimised by the tax beyond all doubt. But suppose a land-jobber, as the result of his buying and selling, finds himself at the end of the year with a house or a field worth 1000*l.* as the net results of the year's labour. Is the value of the land to be taxed, or is the man who has really made 1000*l.* profit to escape? Clearly no excuse can be made for the land which would not apply equally to the silk or the stock. In practice it might be troublesome to value it, but we are only solving a scientific problem, not suggesting a financial scheme. Well, then, the land must in theory be taxed as income. But suppose again that, instead of being the result of trade, the same piece of land is acquired by devise or inheritance. Is it to be called income? Who ever heard of a family estate—the actual market value of the whole land—being called income, or taxed as income, of the year in which it descends on the heir? Let it be granted for

argument's sake that this is monstrous and horrible. Yet it is not the less true that, to make the demonstration of the fairness of an Income-tax sound, it is necessary to include land devised or inherited just as we found it necessary to include legacies and treasure-trove. In short, the reasoning requires you to consider income as including value of every kind, whether money, goods, stock, land, or anything else acquired within the year, and this without regard to the source from which it comes. Legacies must be mulcted equally with profits, and an inheritance at the same rate as a cargo of goods.

The ultimate consequence of what we have called the mathematical theory of the Income-tax is substantially this. Group together an Income-tax such as we now have, say at ninepence in the pound, a legacy duty of exactly the same rate, and a succession duty also of ninepence in the pound, and you get a system of taxes almost absolutely identical with the ideal Income-tax which is proved arithmetically to be exactly equal in its incidence on all. This affords an answer to the question how far the Income-tax departs from equality. It must err exactly as much in one direction as a ninepenny succession and legacy duty combined would err in the opposite; for this is the counterpoise which would need to be thrown into the scale to make the pressure equal on all classes. It is quite a different question whether such an adjustment ought to be applied. There may be reasons why the Income-tax should remain unequal in order to balance other fiscal inequalities, if such there be, by which property suffers unduly as compared with labour. Again, there may possibly be objections on political and social grounds to a succession tax of a percentage so high as that of the Income-tax occasionally is. These are practical matters which we decline to enter upon at present. Our inquiry is concluded by the result at which we have arrived, that to make the Income-tax an equal tax, it should be accompanied by legacy and succession duties always maintaining the same percentage as that of the Income-tax for the time being.

Clouds of objections may be urged against this startling conclusion, and we have not space to discuss them all. But we will take the most plausible one as a specimen:—"If you tax the full value of inherited land in the year in which it descends, and go on in future years to tax the rents of the same land, you are not only putting a tax upon capital, but are taxing the same property twice over. The land is nothing but the right to receive the future rents. If you tax the one, you have no right to tax the other." We answer this by a parallel. If a stockjobber's profits this year are 1000*l.* of Consols, that sum of stock is nothing but the right to receive the future dividends. To tax the value of the stock this year, and the dividends also when they accrue, would be to tax the same thing twice. But the actual tax does this, and is right in doing it. At any rate, those who pronounce it perfect cannot say that it is wrong. Take another parallel. Mr. Smith earns this year 1000*l.* in fees, and straightway invests it in the purchase of land. Mr. Brown in the same year gets a precisely similar piece of land by devise or inheritance. Smith pays first of all one thousand ninepences, and will be called upon to pay the tax again on the rents of the purchased land. According to the present system Brown (so far as the Income Tax is concerned) escapes the first year's impost, and pays on future rents alone. Why should there be this double taxation—as it is called—on Smith, and not on Brown? The only difference between them is that the one has earned his land, and the other has got it for nothing. If that were a ground for any distinction at all, it should be in favour of industry rather than of idleness. But on Adam Smith's principle there ought to be no distinction, for a piece of land or any other acquisition increases a man's means to the same extent whether it is derived from labour or bounty; and it is ability alone which is the measure of taxation. Every other objection will be found to melt away as easily as this, and leave the simple result that a tax is equal which imposes every year a uniform percentage on every acquisition which has come to hand within the year, whether from rent, interest, or wages, from labour, from bounty, or from chance.

Compensation, and not graduation, is, therefore, the true remedy for the inequalities of the Income Tax. To a certain (though a very small) extent, the necessary make-weight was supplied by Mr. Gladstone's succession duty; but it is remarkable that, by almost all the members of the House of Commons, with the exception of the financier who proposed the scheme, the succession duty was looked upon rather as an aggravation of the Income Tax than as a small instalment of the counterpoise which would make the unpopular impost rigidly and mathematically equal.

THE IRISH RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

DR. MACKAY, in a popular book—*Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*—published a few years ago, purposely excluded religious matters from his catalogue of epidemic follies. This was certainly omitting the part of Hamlet with a vengeance. It was once proposed by Porson to write the history of human folly in a neat compendium of five hundred volumes; and the annals of religious madness would go far towards exhausting at least a solid moiety of the *Encyclopædia Morine*. The special department of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*—by which Burton meant madness—which he styles "Religious Melancholy," might be expanded tenfold. In every age of the Church, and in the ages

before the Church, religion has had a tendency to become epidemic; and it yet remains among the physiological mysteries what is the physical cause of popular madness. Undoubtedly the thing is catching. An enthusiast, we suppose, emits some subtle *aura* which falls upon the nerves, or the gastric *plexus*, or the hysteric organs, which are predisposed for receiving or imbibing the poison. This is the sort of thing which we are assured is the *rationale* of infection in ordinary physical epidemics, though the doctors fail to give us any very satisfactory account of what the poison *sporules* consist of, or what it is which makes the patient peculiarly susceptible of zymotic infections. We know no more about the religious than the typhoid poison. Nobody yet has ever explained what generated the preaching madness, or the wild frenzy of the Flagellants in the Middle Ages, or—what is still more strange—the tendency which exists in all crowds and large assemblies to act upon sympathy quite apart from reason or conviction.

The whole history of religious revivals is but an illustration of the law of sympathy, or rather of what is so called for want of a better name, for no one yet has ever established any law of sympathy. In pagan times, we know that for the space of two hours a whole multitude monotonously repeated "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." This was a religious revival, and in the Dark Ages we read of the whole mass of society suddenly turned by some wild enthusiast, and leaping at one bound from the depths of sensuality into the very wildest excesses of religious rapture. Peter the Hermit thunders through Europe, and robbers leave their eagle nests, and Kings their palaces, and every man his business and his senses, to follow in a Crusade the wildest of chases. The monstrous guilt of all Christendom stirs some stern and solitary heart in the fastnesses of the Apennines; and a penitential frenzy spreads throughout Christendom. Every town is alive with the terrible procession of the Flagellants; the scourge is wielded over a million of naked bodies; and a universal madness of religion blazes up, flashing with hasty and unprofitable conversions, soon to sink down into darkness made thicker and more impalpable by the short-lived glare. The history of revivals is the opprobrium of religion—its opprobrium, because each religious body will consider a revival to be religious. Every church and sect has tried it, and it has always failed; and this simply because a technical revival is never religious at all. If, however, we only regard it as what it is—simply a physical contagion—religion has no reason to be ashamed of the failure of revivals. We know nothing, or next to nothing, of infection and epidemic affections. From the time of Plutarch to that of Mr. John Wesley, and from Mr. Wesley through all those Scotch revivals which have lately been transferred to America, and which from America have very recently been imported into the North of Ireland, there is a tedious uniformity in the pathology of religious epidemics. It is much the same whether we read Lucian *De Syriâ Deâ*, who describes the frenzies of the worshippers whirling themselves in the orgies—or whether we hear of the citizens of Abdera, who with one consent ran mad in reciting verses from Euripides, or of the victims of the Tarantula—or whether we peruse Mr. Wesley's *Journal*, or the accounts in every American book of travels of the wild fanaticism of a revival in the backwoods. Corybantes, Fakeers, Kilsyth Revivalists, epileptic nuns, *Extaticas*, and the victims of witchcraft—all exhibit the same symptoms. One knows as well the pathology of the revival disease as that of small-pox. A sermon is preached, or some wild appeal is urged—not very striking, for it is remarkable enough, that, whenever the language of revival sermons has been taken down, they are found to be stupidity itself. The spark is struck; the most susceptible tinder—it is always a woman—catches fire; one female falls down in an epileptic state; the convulsive infection spreads; two or three others begin to roar and scream, and so violent are the throes and frenzies, that very often six persons cannot hold the demoniac. Twenty are, in less than half an hour, in the spasms and wild contortions of delirium; and prayer, cursing, and blasphemy—the triumphs of assurance and the wailings of reprobation—are heard on all sides. What wonder if such influences take their natural effect? People go to a revival to be revived—they predispose themselves to catch the disease, and they take it. Congregations flocked to the late Mr. Irving's church to hear unknown tongues; and the gibberish was talked. People willed to move tables, and the tables were obedient, and whirled to the volition. A medium attracts, and the sympathetic receptivity is always forthcoming. As soon as a revival is announced, the magic virtue, or virus, spreads. In every case the *rationale* of the thing is the same. Methodism, Quakerism, Jumpers, Ranters, *Extaticas*, and Irvingites—East and West—Presbyterians in Scotland, and Spiritualists in America—appeal to the same facts; and those facts are undeniable, but they prove just nothing at all, saying as much for the work of the devil as for the work of God. In the Munster fanatics and the Calvinistic revivals, in St. Theresa and the Assassins, we see the same causes producing the same effects. It is a mere accident that a religious result comes of it. Religion has nothing to do with the matter, which is only some morbid state of the human organization unnaturally stimulated—it matters not whether by bhang, mesmerism, or a sermon.

The Irish newspapers give us some details of religious revivals now at work in Coleraine and Ballymena, which only follow in the most exact particulars this accredited type which is coeval

with the history of the human mind. It is quite independent of any religious profession, and belongs as much to Paganism or Mohammedanism as to Christianity. Here are the details:—"A young woman of prepossessing appearance"—it always begins with these hysterical females—"is suddenly and deeply impressed with convictions of sin." Then we hear of "persons filling an apartment, all of whom are borne from it under the most excruciating agonies—some fainting, some prostrate and moaning heavily, some shuddering in every muscle . . . ejaculating . . . calling aloud for mercy . . . writhing in agony upon the floor . . . paroxysms of soul and body . . . suffocating sobs, and appalling cries of horrible despair." This is the Ballymena narrative, while the Coleraine history deals in yet more supernatural horrors. "A sudden flash of light in the sky while prayer was being offered brings everybody to their senses; groans and cries are heard on every side." The rest is according to the regular formula, with one remarkable exception. The *Coleraine Chronicle* itself has been placed in typographical difficulties from this particular frenzy. "In one house, two compositors in our own office, and another young man of the newspaper staff, have all been impressed, converted, and prostrated; they have at length found peace, &c., but we have had a difficulty in getting out the *Chronicle*." We own that this is new; but it happened in Ireland. The Celtic susceptibility infects even an editor and his staff. The *Christian Times* has recently announced that they were getting up a revival, and that prayer-meetings were held in the printing-office; but the London revival was so prudently managed that it did not interfere with the punctuality of publication. Not even a solitary printer's devil took to the anxious benches. After all, the *Coleraine Chronicle* was, we are glad to find, published; and sceptics will be found to hint that the suggestion of danger to the regularity of that pious journal was only a clever stroke of business to call attention to the fact that there was at least one newspaper staff which had converted men as compositors. The editor himself vouches for the sincerity of the convictions in his subordinates (though he is silent as to his own share in this remarkable season of refreshing), and bears his witness to their tears and earnestness, and touching testimony to the efficacy of "the new song and peace in believing."

If this were all, we have no objection to compositors convicted, impressed, prostrate, and singing a new song. The London press, we fear, consists of more pebbly-hearted reprobates. If convicted, it is only—though, we are glad to say, unfrequently—of escapades which bring them to the police office, and their new song is generally a popular nigger melody. The epidemic is hardly likely to spread across the Channel; and it certainly would create a sensation were the *Times* or the *Saturday Review* to find its staff disabled by strong convictions of this kind. Sins enough we have to lay us prostrate, but if they ever come upon us it is not in this edifying form. We have, however, no objection to revivals while confined to the *dura ilia* of London compositors attached to the newspaper press. The editor and writers of the *Morning Advertiser* have so long given themselves to theological speculations, that if a revival is to occur, we prophesy that the first outbreak will be in Fleet-street. As soon as it reaches our own staff, we promise that the public shall have the earliest intelligence of a fact so interesting to literature as that the newspaper press is "under convictions." But we deprecate, in the interests of human nature, the introduction of revivals into schools. The Irish newspaper tells us that "the children attending the school established and sustained by the Irish Society"—to whose attention we commit the fact—"and taught by a young man who had found peace," &c., were each and all simultaneously "prostrated." We have less objection to revivals among those who have come to years of adult indiscretion; but we think the police should interfere with the case of "young children crying for mercy;" and if not in their case, in that of the teacher who has found peace and joy, an experiment should be tried which the old books tell us has been found very efficacious. "Bartholomea, a servant maid," says Wierus, "as soon as a certain hymn was sung in the vernacular, became immediately ecstatic, and roared and shrieked in a terrible way. When the same hymn was sung in Latin, she was not affected. Her mistress, a prudent matron, resolved to cure her if she would come to her chamber. The mistress repeated the hymn in German; the maid was thrown violently on the ground in strong convulsions and most desperate phrenetic ravings. 'The mistress, with her daughter's aid,' administered a domestic medicine which in Eton is given at the flogging-block. 'The maid,' continues the narrator, "was perfectly cured, and ever afterwards heard the hymn with entire composure." A course of gentle discipline of this sort might perhaps bring over the compositors of the *Coleraine Chronicle* to some new convictions; and, by way of counter-irritation, the spiritual fever might be reduced by material stimulants. At any rate, the language and recommendations of the *Lancet* on this melancholy subject are not without value; for we regret to find that the epidemic is spreading, and that some Scotch Presbyterian divines propose to import it into Scotland. Our contemporary says:—

The accounts given by eye-witnesses of the Irish "revivals" in Belfast present vivid pictures of epidemic disease such as no instructed physician can fail to recognise. . . . In one factory five cases occurred amongst the young women in the course of two or three hours. Some were thoroughly prostrated and speechless, the nervous system completely relaxed; others in a state of

the highest fury and convulsion, struggling violently, shouting and screaming, and wildly tossing about their arms. These are the symptoms of violent hysteria. . . . Free and pitiless drenching with cold water, and separation of those "taken," would quickly reduce the revival. All means, however, are employed by the organizers of the agitation to increase its violence. The blasphemous ravings, which are based upon the heated imaginations of these half-mad girls, are quoted and recited, and the utmost excesses of language and demeanour are favoured as the special evidences of peculiar inspiration. We omit all mention of the insane and indecent follies which are held to be "indicia" of conversion; but they are such as evidence a temporary unsettling of the reason amongst the duped, and a high degree of rascality amongst the knaves who encourage the evil. . . . It certainly is not surprising, as a conclusion to this general *tapage*, that several persons have gone to lunatic asylums, and others are under restraint in their own houses.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR M.P.

THE close of the session suggests, among other topics for reflection, the very curious question, Where do the M.P.'s come from? What are the precise quantities of vanity, fussiness, *canini*, and patriotism which are necessary in order to evolve an enthusiast ready to brave the sufferings of the M.P.? Just as the modern parson, snug in his cozy vicarage, meditates with wonder and with doubt on the bitter fare and stern austerities of the followers of St. Basil or St. Bruno, so posterity will read with mingled awe and scepticism of the living martyrdom of the anchorites of St. Stephen's. If any ancient ascetic had ventured to prescribe what a modern senator pays heavily to be allowed to do, a monastic mutiny would have been the certain consequence. What is fasting compared to feeding on Bellamy's beef? What are vigils compared to seven hours of Committee of Supply? It may be painful to flesh and blood to get up for Lauds at three in the morning, but it is luxury compared to sitting up till three in order to listen to Mr. Vincent Scully. Imprisonment in a convent may be dreary work, even though it be on a green hill-side and close by a rippling trout-stream; but what is it to imprisonment in the lowest flats of Westminster, on the banks of the fetid Thames? People may vaunt the asceticism of St. Simeon Stylites, but the idea of sitting on a pillar where there is no Thames and no counsel is Elysium itself to the wretch who is sitting on an Election Committee. The rank and file of the House of Commons, who, without hope of office or of fame, ruin their fortunes, shatter their healths, squander their lives, and submit to be set up as targets for the thick-flying abuse of county politics, in order that they may be at liberty to subject themselves to this super-monastic maceration, is an enigma to the student of humanity. Spring and summer bloom for them in vain—it is to no purpose that night offers sleep to their weary eyes. What is it that can induce them still, with whitening faces and more and more haggard eyes, to go on crowding to the green benches of their punishment at mid-day, and shuffling away from them three hours after midnight? Is it possible that they are credulous enough to believe they are of any use?

Of course there are a considerable number of cases in which a special solution is possible. Those who have talent come with the same object as that which brings a young lady to a ball when the thermometer is at ninety—the hope of being admired. The county magnates, whose powers of self-deception are not equal to this illusion, come that they may remain magnates, and that no erratic manufacturing comet may cause the occultation of their sober but ancient radiance. Then a certain number must be allowed for new members, who have had bright dreams of usefulness and fame, and who are beginning to find the truth out; and a certain number for those who have indeed found it out, but who will not give way, because it is their own particular rival in county or in town who is longing to step into their vacant shoes. Then there are the self-elected depositaries of missions—the victims of single ideas of every kind, religious, social, and political. Lord Haddo no doubt came into Parliament with the single view that he might drape the nude female living model. Lord Raynham is animated by a noble rage for the prevention of cruelty to fleas. And of course we shall be gravely rebuked if we do not recognise with reverence the long list of patriotic virtues which senators are in the habit of attributing in debate to each other, and at the hustings to themselves.

The misfortune is, that while the disagreeables of Parliamentary life are constantly increasing, its recompence, in the shape of eminence or success of any kind, is growing scantier and more precarious every day. The consequence is, that the old motives, which were venial, if not praiseworthy, are failing in their force, and other motives of a far less innocent character are bearing a part in the supply of candidates, and are beginning to tell on the composition of the House of Commons. That point of the Charter dreaded above all others—the payment of members—has a strong tendency to realize itself. A seat in Parliament costs so much money in the acquisition, and so much labour in the enjoyment, that people begin to look for some substantial value in return. In default of more disinterested occupants, seats are falling to local attorneys, pushing tradesmen, and contractors of various kinds, to whom a seat is an advertisement that well repays its cost. And the influx of this class of members is being attended by a manifest slackening in the morality of the House on the tenderest points of senatorial reputation. Two very salient cases may be cited from late experience. Blame enough has been lavished on the Derby Government for their thinly-veiled electioneering in the matter of the Galway Company; but very little notice

has been taken of the far graver delinquencies of Mr. Lever and his constituents. Lord Derby, at worst, only bartered his duty for political support. Mr. Lever and his constituents distinctly offered to barter theirs to whatever Government would give them direct pecuniary value in return. The Galway people were not "debauched," as has been said. They came impudently and solicited seduction. They put themselves up to auction, offering their political allegiance to whatever Government would pay them for it in the shape of a pecuniary stimulus to the trade of their port and county. Political preferences were ostentatiously disavowed at the election—the contract, and nothing but the contract, was the cry. Mr. Lever accepted the conditions, and, as a principal recipient of the coveted *douceur*, pledged himself to support only that Government that should grant it. And yet this chapter of the impure transaction has passed almost without censure; and no one in the House of Commons seems to think that any departure has been made from the legitimate uses of a Parliamentary seat.

The other case is a matter of no public importance, but is not, on account of its paltry subject-matter, less valuable as the symptom of a tendency. A few days ago a Welsh Railway Bill which had passed the House of Lords, came back in the ordinary course to the House of Commons for the sanction of some amendments. The railway passes through the grounds of an M.P. named Whalley, whose only distinction consists in having ousted the Fitzwilliam family of one of the Peterborough seats. Now, if a railway company projects any unpleasant interference with a landowner's rights—if it proposes to run a tunnel under the drawing-room, or to erect a coal dépot in the flower garden—there are various remedies within reach of her Majesty's lieges. The most popular and most effective course is to seize and break the theodolites of the engineers who come to make the survey which is an indispensable preliminary to the intended sacrilege. If this fails, the injured landowner is at liberty to indulge himself in an expenditure of some twelve hundred pounds in opposing the Bill in the House of Commons; and if that fails, he is mercifully permitted to repeat the process and a part of the outlay in the House of Lords. Mr. Whalley had a natural aversion to all these courses, but especially to the most expensive one of appearing before a Committee of the House of Commons. He preferred the cheaper, because speedier, tribunal of the House of Lords. But, unhappily, the Lords saw nothing in his grievance, and sent him back with a very scanty modicum of redress. Thereupon Mr. Whalley gets up in the House of Commons, and proposes to tack to the Bill the relief that he himself as a landowner desires, by a simple Resolution of the House, without committee, or counsel, or witnesses, or any cumbrous ceremony of the kind. If the House of Commons had adopted a Resolution that no railway should be suffered to pass near the estate of any member of Parliament, the proceeding might have been more injurious in degree, but it could not have been more profligate in kind. It was an attempt to prostitute the statute-making power of the House of Commons to the purpose of bettering his own material condition, by taking certain property rights from others and giving them to himself. That Mr. Whalley should have had the audacity to make such a proposal was not perhaps very remarkable; and that the House of Commons should have contemptuously rejected it was still less surprising. But the strange feature of the case—carrying the mind involuntarily away to the scenes that annually take place in the Capitol at Washington—was the list of names Mr. Whalley was able to take into his lobby. The exposures of Wakefield itself will hardly afford graver matter of thought to the fervent democrat than the fact that Bright, and Bass, and the self-denying Williams, purest of the pure, were among the supporters of this impudent attempt to wrest public power to private ends. Such things were not done in the days when the aristocracy used to plunge into European wars for the sake of procuring out-door relief to their order. It is the small foreboding of a mighty change. It proves that in this, as in all other respects, the Radicals of the first water have fully made up their minds that "every one who's eyes are not in the back of his head ought to be looking to America;" and we fear it also proves that the old stamp of House of Commons members is giving way more and more to a race of men whose tone of morality and mind fits them to worship that ill-favoured model.

CHEAP AND NASTY.

IT is humiliating to our constitutional system that the arts of peace seem to flourish best—or indeed alone—under a despotism. This is the sense in which *L'Empire c'est la Paix* has an exact meaning. Napoleon III. has at once, on the termination of the Italian war, ordered—and what he has ordered will be executed—the completion of the Paris improvements. We have only to contrast the Bois de Boulogne with Hyde Park. There, somehow or other, the thing is done. It is not only that

The Imperial works and worthy kings

are planned, but they are executed. Hills are raised or levelled; water is made to flow over sandy levels, and to spread into pure, translucent lakes; trees thirty feet high are removed, and seem unconscious of the change; nature itself seems to obey the great Imperial command. Napoleon gives the word, and order and beauty reign. In 1848, as the correspondence between the Board

of Works and Messrs. Easton and Amos shows, we began to think about cleansing a few acres of dirty pond in Hyde Park; and here, in 1859, we are wrangling and squabbling, first about the fact whether the water is dirty at all—next, whether the water can be washed, for that seems to be the remedy to be tried—and, lastly, whether we shall have clean water in a dirty pot, or whether we shall go to the expense of washing both water and water-pot. For this is the actual state of the great Serpentine controversy. Leading articles, leading engineers, leading contractors, and a department of State are all at their wit's end; and a scanty tether of intelligence it is which they keep at full stretch on these very elementary subjects. We say it is positively humiliating that so trumpery a subject should puzzle these high authorities.

Puzzled they completely are; and, if we are to believe the great professional authority entrusted with the Government confidence—Mr. Hawksley—it becomes a serious question whether, after all, there is anything wrong. This gentleman's position, and that of Mr. Fitzroy, is perfectly suicidal. What he proposes to do is to spend 17,000*l.* on a work which is certainly too large or too small—too large if there is nothing to mend, too small if there is anything wrong with the Serpentine at all. Either more ought to be done with the Serpentine, or less. If the Serpentine is a stinking nuisance, the 17,000*l.* will not cleanse it—if it is at present no nuisance at all, 17,000*l.* is thrown away on it. For this is Mr. Hawksley's position. He first of all asserts that "the water of the Serpentine is essentially clear, sweet, and inodorous." He says, "let there be no mistake on this subject." He admits a little "confervoid and other forms of vegetation"—just a mild suspicion of duckweed, but "of a very primary and harmless character." This, however, "can be very readily removed by filtration." At the same time there is "a vast deposit at the bottom of the Serpentine, black and deep"—Mr. Hawksley is too nice to call it mud and slime—but with this, as it "does not affect the condition of the supernatant water," he does not propose to deal.

Now, the question of fact is this. Does the Serpentine stink? Mr. Hawksley has not the professional assurance to tell us that it does not. All the world who have noses declare that it does, except the great Mr. Stephenson, who, happily perhaps, labours under a nasal deficiency, and asserts that it is pure and wholesome. There is such a thing as colour blindness, and Mr. Stephenson has the fortune, good or evil, to labour under, or to be blessed with, some corresponding incapacity of nose. But this is not given to all men. Mr. Hawksley admits the infernal Malebolge—he confesses the "black and deep" Stygian deposit.

That loathly pool with all its muddy lees,

which Dante describes, he can find at the bottom of the Serpentine, and *pace* Mr. Stephenson, we infer the result which the old Florentine paints—

In the sultry pestilent time
Twixt July and September, when the fen
Has heap'd its maladies all in one fœd
Together: such was here the torment: dire
The stench, as issuing streams from fester'd limbs.

Given, we say, the black and loathly mud—and Mr. Hawksley himself affirms it—and we infer the stink. The universal nose of London asserts it, always excepting the abnormal nostrils of Mr. Robert Stephenson and Sir Morton Peto, whose strong stomach is not turned either by a Serpentine or a Spurgeon. Whence comes that

Stench infernal,
But from that loathly pool's dark muddy lees?

It cannot come from the "supernatant water," as Mr. Hawksley expresses it so poetically. The water is "clear, sweet, and inodorous." Sabrina fair herself might knit her hair with Hyde Park lilies, and not be distressed by "the primary and harmless confervoid vegetation." The water, then, does not want filtering; and Mr. Hawksley does not intend to plunge into the lower depths. All the filtration in the world will not affect the mud; and the water itself wants no filtration, for it is already clear, sweet, and inodorous. The clear wants no clarifying, the sweet cannot be dulcified, the inodorous cannot be made purer. Unless Mr. Hawksley proposes to pass his already beautiful wave through a bed saturated with rose water and eau de Cologne, the Serpentine, as it is, cannot be improved upon. We are asked, therefore, to expend 17,000*l.* on improving that which wants no improvement—on filtering water which already is "essentially clear, sweet, and inodorous." We demur to the 17,000*l.* The Italian gardens, fountains, and waves, the lodge-like cottage, and "the machinery noiseless and smokeless" (again to repeat Mr. Hawksley's poetical diction), will not reconcile us to spending 17,000*l.*, or 17,000 pence, on doing what does not want doing—on washing absolutely clear water—for that in plain, if in somewhat Irish, English, is what Mr. Hawksley purposes. The matter of choice is this—either 30,000*l.* or nothing. Either cleanse the bed of the Serpentine or leave it alone. No doubt Mr. Hawksley's plan is cheap, but it is nasty. We don't want the water washed, but we do want the pot washed. Mr. Hawksley asks us to spend 17,000*l.* in washing clean water. We must say that on his own showing Mr. Fitzroy's proposed expenditure of 17,000*l.* is the most scandalous waste of public money that official incapacity ever suggested.

If anything beyond the mere announcement of this propos-

terous plan were wanted to insure its condemnation, such would be found in Mr. Hawksley's communication to the *Times*. We are no partisans of Messrs. Easton and Amos, but it is a fact that we have heard of these gentlemen in connexion with very successful hydraulic works, and we have not heard of Mr. Hawksley. But Mr. Hawksley sneers at Messrs. Easton and Amos as contractors. He is an engineer—he is a professional man—they have only interested views. Mr. Hawksley takes the Serpentine in hand on the sacred and disinterested grounds of science—Messrs. Easton and Amos are only looking to their profits. We have a wholesome reverence for the professional man, but all this is downright impertinence. Messrs. Easton and Amos, being tradesmen, look to a percentage on their capital and to their trade reputation. Mr. Hawksley, being a professional, looks to a percentage on the outlay and to his professional reputation. Where is the difference? A civil engineer—we say it with all respect for the profession—and a working engineer, as far as this Serpentine job goes, are tradesmen alike. A contractor has just as much stake in his name as the C.E. has. Shop and office seem to us to be much on the same footing. We are unable to distinguish “the very different points of view from which contractors and professional men view these matters,” or from which we are to view contractors and professional men.

And if Mr. Hawksley would attract that public confidence to which he appeals, he would do better in eschewing attempts at fine writing and logical acumen. He is murderously severe on Mr. Lilwall, a gentleman whose only interests are the public health and his own nose. Mr. Lilwall had constructed an argument to this effect—No contractor is the best judge of cleansing the Serpentine; Mr. Hawksley is a contractor; therefore Mr. Hawksley is not the best judge, &c. Mr. Hawksley replies—I am not a contractor, but an engineer; therefore I am the best judge. We will present Mr. Hawksley with a parallel to this admirable syllogism:—No woman is a parson; Mr. Hawksley is not a woman, but a professional man; therefore he is a parson. Let Mr. Hawksley attend to his cranks and pulleys—mood and figure are not his strong points. He may be great in boilers; but he is uncommonly weak in Aldrich.

REVIEWS.

ESSAYS BY HENRY LUSHINGTON.*

FEW contributions to that part of the national literature which derives its interest from transitory circumstances are sadder, and none more interesting, than the volumes which aim rather at showing the world what sort of men have passed from it almost unnoticed, than at making any very definite addition to its existing stock of thought and knowledge. Such works cause a feeling of regret to those who were not acquainted with their subjects, which is not the less real because it is somewhat indefinite. At first sight, it appears a melancholy reflection that so little success or distinction should have rewarded abilities equal or superior to those which have enabled more fortunate, though not more deserving, persons to play a very conspicuous part in the affairs of the world. But further consideration will probably suggest that, if the honours and prizes which society has to give were always distributed in the direct ratio of the merits of those who are to receive them, the alteration would diminish the intrinsic value of those great gifts which make men wise and good, by giving too much prominence to the relation between them and the external advantages which they occasionally produce. If every man whose moral and intellectual qualities are remarkable were also prosperous, prosperity would soon become the object of a worship far more extensive, more abject, and more specious than it is at present.

Mr. Venables' Memoir of Mr. Lushington, and the Essays to which it is prefixed, are better calculated to suggest such thoughts as these than any book which has lately fallen under our notice. They are memorials of a man who, during his lifetime, was known only to a small number of friends, and whose name—even in the opinion of a biographer who appears to have felt that his enthusiastic admiration and deep affection disqualified him from unrestrained panegyric—is likely to be soon forgotten by those who had not the privilege of personal intimacy with him. Mr. Lushington's life contained but few marked incidents. He was born in 1812, and was educated at the Charter House, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, notwithstanding an attack of illness which not only incapacitated him from all severe study at the time, but reduced him for life to the condition of an invalid incapable of any sustained exertion, he obtained a high degree and a fellowship at his college. He was afterwards called to the bar, but he never prosecuted his profession with much assiduity. In 1847 (without any solicitation on his part), he received the appointment of Colonial Secretary at Malta, and he died in 1855. His literary remains consist of a volume on the campaign in Afghanistan, called *A Great Country's Little Wars*, a pamphlet on the Indian Government, several reviews—three of which form the bulk of the present

volume—and a few poems, some of which unite in a very unusual degree the merits of spirit, tenderness, and exquisite polish and finish of language. The essays now republished have been selected partly on account of the interest which attaches to their subject at the present day, and partly because they are good specimens of their author's mode of thought and feeling. The first two are historical sketches of the Lombard and Piedmontese campaigns of 1848-9. The third is a review of Giuseppe Giusti, the Liberal poet of Tuscany. The latter is very good, though the difficulty of the subject somewhat obscures its merit to ordinary readers; but no one can fail to see that the historical essays are admirable. There is a little embarrassment and hesitation in the first part of the first of them, but as the writer warms with his subject he reaches a very uncommon and characteristic degree of excellence. The narrative becomes extremely lively and graphic, and the language is full of eloquence. Perhaps the most difficult of all literary tasks—the task of giving historical unity, dignity, and interest to events so recent as to be still encumbered with all the details with which the newspapers invest them—has never been more successfully discharged. In the progress of time events settle down, as it were, into a certain recognised order. They assume their due relative proportions and importance, and history moulds itself into a shape which need only be modelled and retouched by a man of genius in order to bring the essential unity of the subject into full relief. To do this, however, within a few months of the occurrence of the events to be related, and with hardly any other materials than those which the ephemeral literature of the day supplies, is a very difficult task, and requires not only great power of dramatic arrangement and conception, but a large measure of the faculty which assigns their true magnitude to points which at first are all equally prominent and equally notorious. Mr. Lushington performed this feat with rare success. Most of us have extremely imperfect conceptions of the order and mutual connexion of the different events which occurred between the revolt of Milan and the battle of Novara. We all remember the accounts which the different newspaper correspondents sent home of the battles between the Austrians and Piedmontese, the revolution and counter-revolution in Naples, and the sieges of Rome and Venice; but to almost every one these events are a mere entangled network of slaughter and confusion. Mr. Lushington, in a very short compass, shows the true nature and sequence of these events, and gives to the whole story of the struggle and defeat of Italy a degree of unity and dramatic interest which not one newspaper reader in ten thousand ever supposed it to possess.

The moral tone of the articles in question is not less remarkable than their intellectual merit. It possesses the rare, and what in most minds are the contradictory qualities of perfect fairness, justice to all parties, sympathy with the good qualities which each of them displayed, and enthusiasm for the great object which the best and wisest of the Italians had in view. It would be impossible to find a warmer friend of Italy than Mr. Lushington was, or a more ardent believer in the possibility of the union of the whole Peninsula into a single Great State. But though he appears to have been attached to this object with almost romantic warmth and tenacity, he is never unjust for a moment to the Austrians, nor does he deny that Charles Albert more than once put himself in the wrong in his conduct towards them. He writes with cordial admiration of the stubborn courage and patriotism of Radetzky, and does the fullest justice on all occasions to the good intentions which he believes the Austrians to have entertained towards their Lombard subjects. In some minds justice means impartial scepticism; but where it is united with genuine warmth and depth of feeling, it is one of the most amiable, as it must always be one of the most noble, of human qualities.

To many readers the most interesting part of the volume will be the Memoir prefixed to it by Mr. Venables. It throws great light not only upon Mr. Lushington's character, but on that of a small but very important class which always exists, but respecting which it is usually impossible to obtain any trustworthy information. No one can have read the lives of remarkable men—still less can any one have had opportunities of personal intercourse with any one who could fairly claim that title—without being struck with the fallacy of the popular theory that they are moral and intellectual miracles, separated by an immeasurable distance from ordinary persons. In the biography of almost every great writer or statesman are mentioned names, now obscure, to which the great man himself yields the superiority. Mirabeau used to say that his father had greater natural powers than himself. Rousseau declares that a Spaniard with whom he lived for some time in Paris, and whose name is now completely forgotten, was the most remarkable person he ever knew. Richard Wesley, who would now be unknown but for the fame of his brothers, used not only to discuss their projects on equal terms, but often controverted their views with great success. Luther learnt much of the doctrine of the Reformation from an obscure monk in his own convent, and Lord Erskine was frequently confronted and occasionally defeated by advocates whose fame died with them. Indeed, daily experience shows us that men whose names are in every one's mouth exchange opinions and discuss every kind of subject upon perfectly equal terms with others who are only known to a very narrow circle. Fame is a light that rests rather upon the prominent parts of a

* *The Italian War, 1848-9, and the last Italian Poet*. Three Essays by the late Henry Lushington, Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta, with a Biographical Preface by George Stovin Venables. Cambridge: Macmillan, 1859.

tableland of pretty uniform level than on the peaks of isolated and inaccessible mountains. Indeed, considerations of a more general kind would lead us to expect this to be the case. The conditions of eminence are the union of a certain degree of intellect or imagination with the powers which are necessary for their exhibition. A man of any degree of ability may miss fame and fortune from defects not only apparently but essentially trifling. A digestion a little too delicate, a nervous system a little too finely strung, a little too much indifference to the opinions of others, a little too much pride, or a little too much humility, may nullify the most splendid talents, if they are nullified by not being made instrumental to the attainment of outward and visible rewards. The talents, however, thus neutralized for some purposes, are still splendid. The man who possesses them is not less intrinsically great than if he had fought his way to any of the positions which fame or fortune could confer; and the atmosphere in which he lives is no other than that which, in a few exceptional cases, produces greatness universally acknowledged to be great.

Mr. Lushington would appear to have lived, from his college days downwards, in the sort of society of which we have attempted to indicate the character. Mr. Venables describes, with a touching fidelity and warmth of recollection, his friend's Cambridge career:—

Youthful conversation of the higher class, though it would seem crude and pedantic to maturer minds, is more ambitious, more earnest, and more faithful than the talk which furnishes excitement and relaxation in later life. Our Cambridge discussions would have been insufferably tedious to an experienced and accomplished listener of fifty; but in the audacity of metaphysical conjectures or assertions, in the partisanship of literary enthusiasm, in the exuberant spirits, the occasional melancholy, the far-fetched humour of youth, all were helping each other forward by the incessant influence of contagious sympathy. Like many past and future generations of students, we spent our days—

In search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

And Henry Lushington could not have employed them in any manner which would have been more favourable to his intellectual development.

In after life he would appear to have continued to cultivate the friendships which he had formed at college, and to have lived on terms of familiar intercourse with a circle of friends, not the less remarkable because the names of many of them are little known to the world at large. The peculiar interest of his biography lies in the fact that it gives a very complete and very beautiful representation of the temper of mind and of the range of understanding which in this country characterize men who miss fame because they do not, and not because they cannot, earn it. Mr. Lushington would seem to have carried to nearly the highest point the characteristics of a thoroughly accomplished English gentleman, and his portrait is impressed with so singular a mixture of sweetness and strength as to convey a very pleasing and honourable impression of the influences through which his character was developed. We never remember to have met with a more striking illustration of some of the best of our national qualities. Every line that he writes bears upon it the stamp of rigid truth and justice. Mr. Venables declares that he never knew him use even an exaggerated phrase; and the scrupulous fairness with which he gives credit for every act of courage or intelligence on the part of those whose general conduct and character he denounces, certainly tends very strongly to confirm the accuracy of this observation. The general impression which the book conveys of cheerfulness and courage is at least equally remarkable. Mr. Lushington's position in life was not for many years at all equal to that to which his talents entitled him, but there is not in the Memoir or in his writings a hint of anything like dissatisfaction or bitterness. Every part of the volume abounds in proofs of the intense interest which he took in affairs which did not affect his personal prospects. Indeed, he seems to have been profoundly convinced that whatever affected either the power, the greatness, or, above all, the honour of the nation, was personally important to him. Few men have shown more strongly that intense, though silent and usually latent, patriotism which is one of the strongest of all feelings in an Englishman, and especially in an Englishman of refinement and cultivation.

Perhaps one of the most striking points in Mr. Lushington's biography is the depth and intensity of the friendship with which he appears to have inspired his biographer. In every page, in almost every sentence, are the strongest traces of a feeling all the more remarkable because it is suppressed, and obviously suppressed with a real effort. The impression which the story conveys is as far as possible from anything like weakness or sentimentality; indeed, the opposite qualities would seem to be developed in almost formidable proportions in the author of the narrative. It is written with remarkable power, and occasionally with a condensed weight of sarcasm which recalls Tacitus more than any modern writer; but it is pervaded throughout by that sort of tenderness and deep-seated emotion with which a man thinks of the friends who have exercised a lasting influence over his life and character, and obtained an interest in his affections which death itself only enhances. Taken as a whole, hardly any book could be mentioned better calculated to teach those who are capable of such instruction what is the frame of mind and what the excellences of character which are to be found among Englishmen on whom

the various influences of English society have worked in the most kindly manner. Truth, honour, self-respect in every form, intense patriotism, a singular courtesy to others, and the power of eliciting and of feeling the most profound and touching affection—an affection rendered all the more touching by the reserve and modesty with which its existence is indicated—form the main features of the portrait which Mr. Venables has drawn. In spite of the constant attacks which sentimental jesters are in the habit of directing against all the more conspicuous classes of their countrymen, we believe that such qualities are by no means uncommon, and we cannot regret that they flourish none the less because they frequently meet with little public applause or recognition.

DANTE.*

ONE complete edition of Dante, and two translations of the *Inferno*, have appeared in London within the last six months. Lord Vernon, with praiseworthy munificence, has caused the four most ancient texts—those of Foligno, Jesi, Mantua, and Naples—to be printed in parallel columns, in a splendid folio. If, as it is natural to assume, the different versions have been faithfully reproduced, Lord Vernon's edition is a splendid gift to all future commentators. But it will have no interest for the general reader. The rude type of the old editions has been so minutely reproduced, that the words flow into one another, and of course perplex the eye that is not accustomed to palimpsests or black letter. The differences of the several copies are rather in grammar than in thought. Mr. Panizzi's preface is a mere bibliographical essay, and as uninteresting as such performances commonly are. Altogether the book accomplishes nothing, though it is invaluable as preparing the way for a really critical edition hereafter.

The labours of Mr. Whyte and of Mr. Thomas are of a very different kind. Both have translated the *Inferno* into English trimeters, and Mr. Thomas has preserved throughout, and Mr. Whyte in parts, the triple rhyme of the original. Here all resemblance between the two versions ceases. Mr. Whyte contents himself with a short scholarly preface on the chief features of Dante's poem, and its place in Romance literature. His translation is sensible and straightforward, but he seems to want command of language and of metrical music. He gives no notes; and he has ventured, perhaps not without warrant, to omit those two or three passages which are irredeemably coarse. Mr. Thomas, without being a poet in any true sense of the word, possesses a great power of versification. He is moreover a voluminous student, and has written several introductory essays and a profusion of rather amusing notes. But from an amiable desire to prove that Dante was as good a Christian as himself, Mr. Thomas insists on giving him the sentiments of a Particular Baptist in germ; and, favoured by a happy ignorance of the critical history of the Middle Ages, has read to the end of the *Paradiso* without suspecting his mistake. The startling announcement that the poet held "the great doctrine of the Reformation, *salvation through faith in Christ*," is worthily matched by a mass of undigested learning in the notes, which culminate in the discovery that "probably" Dante "was of opinion that the adoration of the Cross was the invention of Antichrist." Neither can we regard Mr. Thomas as more successful in grappling with the difficulties in his text. The substitution, in the fifth canto, of "che sugger dette a Nino" for "che succedette a Nino," is precisely one of those vicious subtleties which a great poet is not likely to have invented. Yet, in spite of all this, Mr. Thomas, through honest love of his author and industry, has succeeded in bringing out a version which will probably be read with pleasure by many of the large class who do not understand either the man Dante or his times. To appreciate a story and to enjoy poetical passages is fortunately a very different thing from comprehending a work of art in its entirety.

It is curious to inquire into the grounds of that great admiration for Dante which has grown among us of late. The taste is certainly not traditional; for Tasso and Ariosto were the models of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, imitated by Spencer and Wieland, translated by Fairfax and Hoole, while Voltaire could only find grounds for contemptuous admiration of the *Inferno* in his sympathy with the poet's anti-Papal tendencies. The knowledge of Dante in England may almost be said to date from Cary's translation, and English taste was probably conciliated by the palpable Miltonisms of that author. Since then editions and translations have been alike numerous; but the mere fact that such notes as Ventura's should be preferred to Landino and Velutello, or that such a critic as Mr. Carlyle should have written so inadequately on such a theme as the *Divina Commedia*, are proofs that the knowledge of Dante has scarcely yet got beyond the appreciation of particular passages. It was not in this way that his own age read and understood the poet. The *Divina Commedia* was, to all Italians and to all who were penetrated with Roman thought, a reality rather than a vision, which

* *Le Prime Quattro Edizioni della Divina Commedia*. Letteralmente ristampate per cura di C. G. Warren, Lord Vernon. London: T. and W. Boone.

The Inferno of Dante in English Verse. By Bruce Whyte. London: Wright and Co.

The Trilogy of Dante's Three Visions. Inferno; or, the Vision of Hell. By the Rev. John Wesley Thomas. London: Henry G. Bohn.

the poetry did but embody in an undying form. The sharp confines that separate the visible from the invisible world among ourselves were unknown to those whose God was present to them on the altar, and who lived sustained against the perpetual warfare of fiends by the perpetual grace of the saints. The Christendom into which Rhipæus was baptized "more than a thousand years before baptism," was also that which the citizens of Florence, Cacciaguida and Beatrice illustrated. Lucan's melancholy surmise that "the gods conceal from those who must live that they may endure to live, how happy it is to die," Hamlet's dread of "the something after death," are the limits of ancient and modern thought, between which lies what might seem an enchanted world, in which men were "nearer to the gods." Only those who take the trouble to understand how the credulous faith of children in their own imaginings may be systematized with rigid metaphysical subtlety at a certain epoch of the human mind, can transport themselves back into the fairyland of fancy and devotion. Yet, without this knowledge, they must not hope to understand Dante. The absolute certainty with which he speaks, the exactness with which he describes scenery and the mystic circles of Hell and Purgatory, are not mere rhetorical artifices of a poet. Dante has weighed the two systems of Gregory and Dionysius, and knows which of the two has best classified the celestial hierarchy. He has fathomed the depths of pagan philosophy, and has reconciled it by an unerring process with the faith. To him "there is no light unless it come from that heaven which is never clouded; and the firmest conclusions of science are "darkness or shadow of the flesh," in comparison with the clear certainties of the highest Christian thought.

To understand the *Divine Comedy* we must therefore start from the assumption that only the world that transcends our senses is real. In other words, Dante, like his age, is an idealist—not a visionary, for he never perverts nature, but seeks to distinguish the type, the principle, and the tendency of natural things from the shapes which they assume. And this has no doubt affected his conception of character. Beatrice is not a woman—she is womanhood, various in its strength and beauty, but simple because pure, like light that may break into a thousand colours, but never know a stain. The girl of the Vita Nuova, and the glorified spirit who sits with Rachel at the feet of Mary, are but one thought and one life. And as every circle in the invisible world corresponds to some predominant passion or energy by which the life of the sufferers has been swayed on earth, we must expect to find a statuesque simplicity in all the delineations of character. It is not that Dante was blind to the subtler shades of feeling, but he is only concerned with the grand results in which life has been summed up. Nothing can be more minutely faithful than the description of the gradations of passion through which Francesca da Rimini has passed—nothing more complete than the last colouring with which her own words paint her—and yet we know that we have only seen a fragment out of a highly complex life. Conceive how a modern French novelist would have handled such a tragedy—how every nerve would have been laid bare with the scalpel. Or, to take perhaps a fairer instance, contrast Francesca with Juliet, to understand what a gulf separates the ideal and the real in works of art. In Dante we only hear "this is love, and thus it was that one woman suffered." In Shakspeare the woman supersedes the passion, and we seem to understand love as a part of Juliet's life.

This massive simplicity in design of the great Italian epic perhaps makes it even more difficult to explain why the study of such a book has been resumed in our own century. There cannot be much spiritual affinity between the generations of the last forty years, "who have lived without infamy and without praise," and the man whose loves and hatreds transcended time. As surely as the gates of the Baptistery outweigh in intrinsic worth all the cubic feet of brick which the present generation has piled up in viaducts and Crystal Palaces, so certain is it that a nobler life was lived by those few thousand burghers who did battle with thought and the sword for Church or Empire, than is now enjoyed by the many millions of men in whose mouths the greatest ideas of time are topics of conversation, and nothing more. The contemporary of Dante had at least a clear perception of the great struggle of the day, and a hearty faith in the cause which he himself espoused, whether he drew the sword for Pope or Emperor, whether he valued spiritual thought or political life most highly; and he fought in no illiberal spirit to subordinate, not to destroy, the cause which he combated. But the present age is the Hamlet of history, having inherited greater duties than it can perform, and thoughts that perplex and overpower it. It is melancholy to reflect how many grand ideas—any one of which might serve as the watchword of an age—are nothing more than the playthings of dilettantist philanthropy, gossiped over in salons, wrought into the mosaic of sermons, or embodied in the plots of philosophical novels. Peace and war, commerce and abstract thought, self-culture and passion, are all complements of the universal creed which has based a Catholic faith on the union of contradictories. So much confusion of purpose is not merely attended with practical inefficiency. It is a sign of grave moral obliquity, when earnestness is supposed to co-exist with an acquiescence in a thousand conventional hypocrisies, and when men believe in a progress that has not landed them in a single definite truth. Of course even this state is better than actual retrogression—certainly cannot be purchased

by taking refuge in a lie. But that which all society wants, the something that may live beyond the grave, must be derived from men of a different stamp than those who acquiesce either in worn-out shifts for thought or in the actual *status quo*.

Yet we think it is something more than the consummate charm of the noblest poetry in the world that has given the *Divina Commedia* a fresh popularity. There is a large class of minds to whom the contrast between possibilities and facts in our everyday life at present is a cause of undissembled misery. Some of these take a morbid pleasure in dissecting the secret of their own weakness, and have created an appropriate school of art, in which the triumph of passion and circumstances over will is represented as the real drama of existence. The whole morbid and contemptible school of social novels in France, and of spasmodic poetry in England, represents this tendency in the public mind. But others are led by the blind impulse to struggle upward into a purer atmosphere, and at least to see the summits which truer men have reached. The secret of Dante's power will therefore be found in the magic which a clear aim in life and a steady vision of the invisible throw about every effort of thought and will. He did not regard his acts as a mere accident of his destiny. To have suffered in a great cause was second only to the glory of having believed in it. The personal love that had purified him was worthy, therefore, to become a portion of the world's history with which he himself was identified. To believe in a great order in which all things have their appointed place—to see that man has a part in it by the heart no less than by the will—are the commonplaces on which all philosophy and all art have been based—which every age repeats, and which only the highest moral sense can apprehend, or the most perfect artist render. It is Dante's glory that he was at once workman and man; and it must be counted among the redeeming points of a garrulous, purposeless generation, that it can do homage to the reflected beauty of a life which is not its own.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.*

TO such of our readers as know something of the missionary journals published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, we may give an idea of Mr. Mereweather's little book by saying that it resembles those journals, but with the difference that it is free from their air of officiality and of being made to pattern. There is the record of work day by day—there are the visits to one station after another—the prayers, the preachings, the baptisms, the services in churches, in court-houses, in huts, and under trees—the notices of the disposition with which the writer's ministrations were received, and of the impressions of hope or discouragement produced on his own mind. But Mr. Mereweather, not writing with the consciousness that his papers would be submitted to a committee and published under the authority of a religious society, feels himself at liberty to tell many things which would hardly have been fit for issue in a grave brown wrapper from No. 79, Pall-Mall; nor does he think it necessary to limit the expression of his feelings to religious subjects. At the outset, indeed, he indulges a good deal in solemn platitudes which might have led us to suppose him a member of the stiff-white-neckcloth school. But by degrees this habit is got rid of; in the course of colonial life the starch disappears from his cravat; even the white envelopment itself is discarded, except on those serious occasions for which it is regarded as indispensable; and our author appears before us as a man not without human frailties and special characteristics—genial, straightforward, and unaffected.

It appears that Mr. Mereweather's outward voyage has already been related in a book which has not fallen in our way; and here we find him safely landed at Port Adelaide. His residence in the Australian colonies was considerably varied, both as to scene, and as to the nature of his occupations. He was employed in several dioceses—sometimes in town parishes, sometimes as a missionary in the wilds, at another time as a gaol chaplain; and he consequently saw much both of the countries and of their inhabitants. It was during the time of his Australian labours that the gold discoveries took place; and he has a great deal to tell as to the effects of these in drawing to the country crowds of not very desirable immigrants—in enriching men who had no idea how riches might be properly enjoyed—and in enormously raising the price of everything, to the great distress of those persons who, like himself, had no share in the new and sudden deluge of wealth. Of the brutality of the diggers, there are many curious stories. Of the mixture of something better with their roughness, we may quote the following instance:—

I baptised three children belonging to a man who is just starting for the diggings. He insisted on paying me. I said that our Church did not sell the sacraments. He said that the clerk must be paid. I answered that there was no clerk. He then said roughly that he did not wish anything from anybody—not even the Church—without payment. I told him that, in the present case, there was no other alternative. He then went away in a rude manner.

Aug. 25.—Find that the man whose children I baptised yesterday has gone away at daybreak, and left a packet for me. On opening a very dirty bit of white-brown paper, tightly twisted, I found at least three ounces of small nuggets of pure gold in it. So he gained his point after all.

* *Diary of a Working Clergyman in Australia and Tasmania, kept during the Years 1850-1853.* By the Rev. J. D. Mereweather, B.A. London: Hatchard, 1859.

Mr. Merewether, of course, fell in with many strange characters. The strangest of them perhaps was an old man, who lived in a miserable den, guarded by six fierce mastiffs, and was variously regarded by his neighbours as an astrologer and an atheist, a miser and a beggar:—

He talked about the sun and the moon, the stars and clouds, gave them fantastic names, mixed them up with heathen mythology, and gave vent to some strange notions about the Deity. He told me he was eighty years old, was the son of an archdeacon, the brother of an English beneficed clergyman, and that he had been in the colony forty-six years. He showed me the genealogical tree of his family, but did not seem to have much communication with his relations. He was very garrulous, and had a sour disagreeable eye. I sat an hour listening to him, and scarcely saying a word.

Mr. Merewether seems to have dealt wisely with this old maniac, but, we fear, without much good effect. Among other persons who turn up in unexpected circumstances, we may mention "a lady who had been used to attend St. Paul's, Knightsbridge," and who, we should imagine, must have felt herself strangely out of place in the wilds of Australia; and a gentleman who, after having worn the blue gown of Trinity and passed his little-go at Cambridge, was officiating as waiter at a Sydney hotel—"No waiter, but a Knight Templar!"

Mr. Merewether also mentions some of the books which he met with in out-of-the-way corners, and our own experiences in less savage lands give these stray volumes an interest in our eyes. Among them were Pascal's *Thoughts*, Michelet's *History of France* (from which our author quotes the well-known piece of nonsense about Shakspeare's having been a butcher), Cary's *Dante*, and Sismondi's *Literature of the South of Europe*. On some of the books there are remarks which are at least as remarkable for simplicity as for novelty or profundity. But the oddest thing of the literary kind is the statement of an eccentric Englishman, whom Mr. Merewether met in Java:—

He had been, he said, a great hunter; but to tiger-hunting he was especially addicted. And not content to go to seek the tigers, he manoeuvred that they should seek him, and in the following manner:—he used to get into a tiger-trap, with a double-barrelled rifle, and sit there as a bait, waiting for the beast. I asked him if he did not find it dull staying there so long? To which he rejoined, that he generally took a book into the trap to beguile the time. I ventured to inquire what branch of literature pleased him best in this critical position? His answer was—"At one time one book; at another, another; but that on such occasions his favourite study was the *Sorrows of Werther*."

We suspect (and so, apparently, does our author) that in addition to Werther's tearful tale, this gentleman had studied to some purpose the adventures of another famous German hero—Baron Munchausen.

Of the natives and the convict population much may be learnt from this little book. Most people, probably, have heard some curious stories as to the ineradicable love of savage life which often triumphs over any attempt to civilize a native permanently. They have heard, for example, how one who had been in England, dressing like ourselves, speaking intelligible English, feeding decently with a knife and fork, behaving with a gentlemanlike gravity, and edifying Exeter Hall by the apparent thoroughness and intelligence of his conversion, on returning to the antipodes became gradually restless, disappeared from the town, and, after all manner of ugly conjectures as to his fate, was at length traced into the bush—his hat being found on one tree, his coat and waistcoat on a second, his shirt on a third, and—last relic of the civilization which he had renounced—his trousers on a fourth. Mr. Merewether furnishes several instances of a like kind; and sometimes the relapse into savagery is marked by the commission of some dreadful crime. The great misery of Australian life seems to be that the people of the serving class, whether natives or European convicts, can never be trusted. Your black attendant, after having annoyed and amused you by all manner of unaccountable antics, is found some morning to have suddenly deserted, having, probably, murdered a sweetheart or a rival before starting. Your white convict is a villain exactly in proportion to his cleverness and plausibility. You cannot believe a word that he says; you have the uneasy feeling that he may already have been steeped in the foulest crimes, and you can never hold yourself secure against his committing some horrid atrocity—perhaps cutting your own throat for the sake of a few pounds or your watch. Mr. Merewether draws the following picture of the present style of convicts, as compared with those of an earlier time:—

Those who come out now are better educated, and are good for nothing, as far as general usefulness is concerned. They are wonderful talkers, hate hard work, can quote Scripture enough to daze the clergyman, are clever at forgery and petty larceny, are sober rather than otherwise, have no sense of honour or gratitude, are wonderfully soft and plausible in their manners, and corrupt everything about them. The rough, old, brutal convict, who was a very good fellow in his way, is fast disappearing, having amalgamated with surrounding society. The new style of people still remain, serving their masters as ill as they can, having no triangles and a three-dozen in the perspective. But the style of convicts most universally disliked by the gentry, and thoroughly hated by the other prisoners, are those from Pentonville, called Penton-villains. They are an exaggeration of all that I have just enumerated—most abominable hypocrites; one is never sure of them.

Very much besides the spirit of man is far from being divine in these regions. There are venomous reptiles in plenty, and the climate in some parts is wretched. Here is the antiphrastic Mr. Merewether's report of his district on the Murray:—

My calculation with regard to the weather in this country, according to my experience, is as follows:—Incessant rains, resolving the tracks into glutinous swamps, prevail from about June 8 to Sept. 23—109 days; droughts and heats of summer—extreme heat I mean, such as to render travelling dis-

agreeable, and almost impossible—prevail from December to the end of March heavy floods, rendering travelling intricate and very dangerous, the more so as the watercourses are very numerous, prevail from September to November—at least sixty-six days. Then it must be recollected that the various paddocks are short of good feed for seven or eight months in the year. In short, unexceptionable good travelling in the Edward district, so far as climate, feed, and absence of floods are concerned, I found to exist only from November 20 to about December 10, a period of twenty days. All the rest of the year is chequered by some difficulty or other.

The diet is generally very bad. For meat, there is tough lean beef, which must be eaten without any vegetables; for drink, green tea, of which the effect is to produce a strong necessity for tonics; and these usually take the form of spirits adulterated with tobacco—an abominable compound, which speedily produces *delirium tremens* in those who indulge in it. "I have been told," says Mr. Merewether, "that the blacks cannot endure a white man's flesh. They say that it tastes very salt, and is highly flavoured with tobacco." So that, after all, the adulterative weed, if it shorten life in some cases, may in other cases act as a charm for preserving it against the violence of aboriginal epicaures.

To undertake the work of a missionary for life in such scenes as some which Mr. Merewether describes, must require no common resolution; and we should fear that of the few who would do so, and who might feel themselves bound by imagined duty to persevere, no small proportion would in course of time become disheartened, spiritless, and useless. To us, therefore (although we are aware that in saying so we shall shock many worthy persons), it seems that the most hopeful course for obtaining missionary labourers would be that which Mr. Davies somewhere suggests—a system of engagement for a certain moderate number of years. The result would most likely be that men of a higher class than the ordinary colonial clergymen would come forward for the service, and that in their work they would be supported, not only by the feeling of religious duty, but by the same love of adventure which yearly carries some of our reverend friends to brave "peaks, passes, and glaciers"—to the forests of Norway and the sandy wastes of Sinai. The continual influx of new men and fresh spirit would furnish the clerical body in the colonies with the best means of combating the difficulties which surround it, and the experience which clergymen might gain by a few years of colonial life would afterwards be valuable both to themselves and to others.

A C A D I A.*

THIS is a readable little book, and has more in it that is palatable and entertaining than could have been expected from the superficial compilation of a hasty Yankee traveller. Its author, Mr. Cozzens, went for a month's change of air from Boston, and accident led him to make Nova Scotia the scene of his wanderings. He toured about, saw the little there was to be seen, got up his *Longfellow* at the scene of Evangeline's birthplace, read a history or two of the country, and made his book. As a book-maker, he has two merits. He gives about as much information of a dry kind as a lazy reader can patiently endure, and then stops. He has attained the art of moderation in retailing cram, and he has also a power of prattling pleasantly about his own doings. Having even less materials than most travellers, he yet makes the little incidents which all travellers retail as interesting as a pretty cheerfulness of style can make them. We find that in his pages we can stand with unaccustomed equanimity the old stories of how he first could not get a horse, and then how the horse, when he got it, stood still—and then how the horse, after standing still, ran away—stories which every traveller tells, but which are unendurable in more ambitious books of travel. Nova Scotia is also exactly the place to draw forth the reflections of a meditative Yankee. For the first time in his life Mr. Cozzens saw what is meant by repose. Nova Scotia is the home of a quiet that amounts to almost complete stagnation. As a poet and philosopher, Mr. Cozzens was charmed with this—as a citizen of a go-ahead nation, he despised it. It was therefore open to him to pour forth reflections of very opposite kinds. He loves the sweet pastoral simplicity of the Acadians—he heartily condemns the indolence of colonists who make nothing of the admirable gifts which nature has lavished on them. Together, the descriptions of scenery and incident, and these mixed reflections, give us a tolerable picture of Nova Scotia; and, if it is not a dependency of the British Crown which it is worth while to spend much time on, it is important enough, and has a character sufficiently unique, to make a small book about it acceptable in England.

Nova Scotia has a curious present, and has had a curious past. It shared as largely as any part of the American Continent in the ruin and horrors which were wrought in the conflict of the European races with each other, and in their great task of improving the red man off the face of the earth. The French were the original settlers, and then the English came, and the colony changed masters backwards and forwards until, finally, Wolfe secured Louisburgh, the key of Nova Scotia, for King George. If the English ever let them alone, they quarrelled among themselves; and one of the most stirring episodes of Nova Scotian history consists in the story of a French lady who

* *Acadia; or, a Month with the Bluesoes.* By Frederic S. Cozzens. New York. 1859.

defended the possessions of her husband against the attack of a French commander. But the great fact of this history is the horrible and atrocious war which the Puritans of New England waged against the French settlers in the name of religion. As Mr. Cozzens kindly expresses it—"The wrath of the Pilgrim Fathers fell upon the unfortunate Acadians as though they had been a nation of Sepoys." The great raid under Colonel Church was made in the time of Queen Anne. The Acadians were a small settlement of Norman peasants, about twenty thousand in number, and utterly inoffensive. In 1713, Nova Scotia was ceded to England, and the Acadians were permitted to stand neutral, and take a qualified oath of allegiance to England. But after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, they were ordered to fight against their own countrymen, and to give up their Indian friends into the hands of the English. They made some feeble resistance, and were punished without mercy. They submitted; but there was a strong feeling of hatred and distrust towards them, and their Puritan enemies determined to root them out of their homes. In 1755, a considerable number were deported, after their leaders had been decoyed by stratagem into a place where they were utterly powerless. The sad story of the exile that followed has been told by Longfellow in a poem which Mr. Cozzens naturally overrates, but which has a sweetness and a plaintive tenderness that make it, with all its prolixity and feebleness, a work of interest, and a good representation of the subject it embraces. That such a deed should have been done only one century ago shows that the world has made a step in the last hundred years. Mr. Cozzens, by his friendly inuendo, directs our attention to the history of the suppression of the recent mutiny in India. We may turn to the comparison with pride. In the middle of last century English Christians laid waste a settlement of co-religionists under the protection of their own Sovereign. In the middle of this century a band of Pagan rebels, stained with the blood of Christian women and children, have been punished with a few military executions and admitted to a general pardon. A cry for blood was, indeed, raised by the party which is most nearly connected by religious sympathies with the Psalm-singing butchers of Massachusetts. But the feebleness of the cry, the peremptoriness with which it was drowned in the general expression of nobler sentiments, and the final triumph of a merciful policy, show how wide is the barrier which separates us in such matters from those who a century ago represented the feelings of English colonists, and probably of a large portion of the home public. We never wish to chime in with the unmeaning laudation of progress which is too popular here and in America, but there are some points of advance which are indisputable and are of the highest value, and we may count as one of these the impossibility of anything like the treatment of Acadia recurring at the present day.

The colony of Nova Scotia has never recovered from the unfavourable circumstances of its past history. Its great peculiarity is that it consists of a number of detached settlements, entirely cut off from one another. One village is Acadian, and consists of a colony of poor, humble, simple, shy Norman peasants who have no other wish than to live and die unnoticed. Another village is composed of free negroes, who have run away from the States. A third village is tenanted exclusively by Highlanders, who chatter their frightful Gaelic to each other, and cannot comprehend the tongues of "articulate speaking men." Further on is a settlement of Lowland Scotch, a people for whom Mr. Cozzens entertains a lively hatred, which was partially justified by the hard bargains they attempted to drive with him, and the shameless way in which they set up conscientious scruples, and at the same time intimated that these scruples would yield to money. Every community seems isolated either by race or by occupation. If there is a settlement of fishermen, they never go a yard on land beyond their own borders. There is no union for common public advantages—no interchange of ideas—no intermarriages—no passing from one settlement to another. The Acadians, for example, come long distances into Halifax to sell their produce; but they come and go so early that by breakfast-time every Acadian has disappeared. And it is a hard matter even for a traveller to get from point to point in many parts of the settlement. There are no means of going to places where no one ever wants to go. The consequence is that Nova Scotia is at a stand-still. Its magnificent lakes, harbours, and fisheries are wasted. It is poor when it might be rich, powerless when it might be a very important colony, disunited when union would speedily give it a new life and vigour. It is true that the statements made by Mr. Cozzens are made by an American anxious to glorify a Republic and to depreciate the results of what he calls the paternal government of England. It is also true that he was only there in summer, and he could scarcely picture to himself truly all the torpifying influences of the long winter of Nova Scotia. But still the main facts are, we should suppose, indisputable; and a country which a little union and energy would bless with abundant wealth is kept back by intestine jealousies and unenterprising indolence.

The people of Nova Scotia are intensely loyal. They pride themselves excessively upon their devotion to the Queen, and even appear to thank Heaven that they are free from the low, vulgar energy of Republicans. We confess we do not set any great store by this kind of loyalty. We know at home what it is worth. We know the sort of people who are ready to sit idle all day and drink to the British Constitution. This passive sort of languid sentimentalism is not at all the loyalty which England

wishes for in her dependencies. It is one that must necessarily fade away in proportion as the Queen's subjects do justice to themselves. We want a more reasoning and reasonable affection, and we find that, in the best Nova Scotians, such a feeling takes the place of the sleepy Crown-worship prevailing, or said to prevail, in the colony. Mr. Haliburton, one of the most eminent of Nova Scotians, has now a seat in the English Parliament, and the speech he made last session on the military protection of England was certainly not characterized by any romantic submissiveness to the mother country. And yet he is well known as a strong lover of monarchy, and a despiser of his Yankee neighbours. As men come to use their faculties, to develop the natural resources of a country, and to accumulate wealth, they change the character of their loyalty. They have a loyalty which is strong, but which has something of calculation in it. Mr. Cozzens seems to think there is some indissoluble connexion between loyalty and indolence. He argues from too narrow an induction. He should look from Nova Scotia to the other colonies of the English Crown. We do not feel sure how far the inhospitality of the winter may make it impossible for Englishmen to turn Nova Scotia to any great account. But, if the climate permits, the settlement will some day attract English capital and English energy. The desire for wealth, fostered by the infusion of capital, is the only agency that is likely to bind together the different settlements of Nova Scotia; and there is not the slightest reason why this agency should not be exercised under a monarchy as well as under a republic.

THE CHRONICLE OF MY CID.

Second Notice.

WE have brought down our account of this venerable monument of the oldest Spanish literature to the famous sally from Alcecor. We shall not analyse the rest of the poem with the fulness thus far deemed desirable. The *Cid*, after fighting some more battles, takes Valencia, and mollifies King Alfonso by presents judiciously chosen from the spoil. The King then marries the *Cid*'s daughters to the Infantes of Carrion, two nobles of high lineage but little worth. With the wedding the first *cantar* ends. The second part of the poem deals with a great battle fought by the *Cid* in defence of Valencia, brings out the cowardice and base brutality of his sons-in-law, and gives an admirable report of a Cortes at which the *Cid* demands and obtains satisfaction for the insults offered by them to his daughters, who are respectively remarried to the kings of Navarre and Aragon. The poem concludes as follows:—

In all things honour overtakes him who was born in a good hour.
He passed from this world on the day of Pentecost.
Of Christ may he have pardon!
Thus may we all do, just men and sinners!
Such is the story (lit. "news") of my *Cid* the Champion.
In this place endeth this narrative.
To him who hath copied this book God give paradise. Amen.
Abbot Per wrote it in the month of May,
In the era of one thousand and C.C.[C.] years.

The best parts of this second *cantar* have been translated by Mr. Frere with great spirit and general accuracy. His versions may be found in the appendix to Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*. He has not, however, succeeded in giving the form of the original, in which the same assonantal rhyme runs on for an extraordinary length—in one instance for seventy-three lines. These lines, too, exhibit the strangest irregularities. The number of syllables is generally twelve, less often ten, sometimes thirteen. Verse 2296 has twenty-three, and short lines of only six or eight syllables sometimes occur. Under these circumstances it has seemed better to be content with perfectly faithful prose translations than to attempt rhyming versions, which can only justify their necessary want of literalness when they give exactly the metrical form of the original—an achievement which is obviously beyond the resources of a writer using the comparatively rhymeless English language.

We have referred to the historic value of this *Gesta del Mio Cid*. Fully to justify our opinion in this respect, it would be necessary to translate the seven hundred and forty lines which describe the Cortes held at Toledo, and the duel in which the *Cid*'s honour was vindicated. Let us be content with a few isolated points of interest. The reader will have noticed, in one of our quotations, a reference to the superstition connected with the appearance of the crow on the right or the left—a belief probably derived from the Romans, and strenuously opposed by the Visigothic legislators. Allusions to *buenas aves*, *auce*, and *los aueros* (auguria) occur so often that it is strange that the Spaniards have no word corresponding to the French *bonheur* (bonum augurium) and *malheur* (malum augurium). So, too, the poem is full of allusions to the armour, dress, and weapons of the period, and throws light on other points interesting to the Spanish antiquarian. Of more general importance are the instances found in the poem of those penalties and usages which a German includes in his term *Rechtsalterthümer*. The King's threat (v. 27) of blinding those that aided the *Cid* indicates the length of time to which the punishment of *effusio oculorum* continued legal in Spain. This, by the way, like all other mediæval punishments, symbolized an idea, and was not peculiar to the Visigoths. It is found in the laws of our own King Cnut, and also in those of William the Bastard. Indeed, even the gentle St. Louis (*Etablissements*, cap. xxix.) inflicted it on coiners. Further, we have God's

ordeal (*ordál, urtheil*) of battle minutely described, the spectators duly kept six lance-lengths from the barrier (v. 3621), and the sun divided fairly between the combatants. A trial by battle took place in this country as late as the seventh year of Charles I. And here, no doubt, as in Spain, the usage rested on the belief that God would strengthen the innocent or injured. Again we find the Cid (v. 2103) presenting a sword to each of his future sons-in-law. So Theoderich, when he adopted the King of the Heruli, gave him equos, enses, clypeos. Interesting, too, is the form in which the Cid performs his *omildanza* (act of submission) to King Alfonso (vv. 2030, 2034) :—

All his men he bade them stay as they were,
Excepting those cavaliers whom he loved in his heart.
With fifteen of them he alighted on the ground
As he had determined, he that was born in a good hour.
His knees and his hands in the ground he fixed them.
The grasses of the field in his teeth he took them,
Weeping with his eyes—such great joy had he.
Thus he knew how to make submission to Alfonso, his lord.

The last is a good instance of that poetic symbolism which, in their law, as well as in their speech, characterized our childlike, unabstracting ancestors. Obscure and meaningless as some juridic symbols may now appear, we may be sure that they all embody some deep thought or graceful fancy—that some reach back to the time when the Indo-European race was yet unsevered, and that, for the student of what has been called our prehistoric history, these may be as important as the languages and mythologies of the various branches of the great family to which we belong. It must have been a conviction of the truth of these propositions which gave Jacob Grimm strength to write his *Teutonic Legal Antiquities*—a book as interesting as it is exhaustive, but which strangely omits the instances above quoted, though they bear all the marks of descent from the Visigothic conquerors of Spain.

These, however, are matters with which as yet only a limited circle of readers can be expected to concern themselves. Of more general interest are the evidences which the poem affords of the delight with which the singer, sure of the sympathy of his audience, has embodied in his hero all that united to form the ideal Spanish gentleman of the Middle Ages. He exults in the daring of Pero Bermuez, surnamed El Mudo (mutus), whose words were deeds. Great is his faith in the indomitable pluck of Minaya Alvar Fañez—the Cid's *diestro brazo*, as Roland was the "diestro braz" of Charlemagne, as Lancelot was the right arm of Arthur. He admires the chivalrous politeness of the Moor Abengalvon. The valiant Bishop Don Hieronymo, "the excellent tonsured-one" (*el caboso coronado*), is obviously one of his prime favourites; and it is hard to say whether he respects him most because—

Bien entendido es de letras à mucho acordado,

or because—

De pie è de cavallo mucho era aveciado.

And in describing one incident in the bishop's career, the poet, generally grimly in earnest, shows a humour which could only result from hearty sympathy. A great force of Moors land on the shores of his bishopric (Valencia) :—

Behold ye the Bishop Don Hieronymo very well armed.
He pulled up before the Cid, always with good auspices.
"To-day I have said for you the mass of Holy Trinity.
For this I have left my land and come to seek you,
For the desire that I had to kill some Moor.
My order and my hands I fain would honour them,
And in this fight I wish to go first.
I bear a cross-shaped pennon and arms of choice;
If it please God, I wish to try them,
That my heart may be able to rejoice,
And that you, my Cid, may be the more pleased with me."

But though these secondary personages are conscientiously drawn and individualized, the artist has rightly devoted his utmost efforts to elaborating the figure of the Cid. With Homeric fondness for standing epithets and phrases, he calls his hero again and again "the Good One (*el Bueno*) of Bivar," "the Excellent" (*el caboso*), "the Beautiful Beard," "He of the long Beard," and so on. The Cid's beard, by the way, is a never-failing source of admiration. "God, how he is bearded!" exclaims the singer, parenthetically, as he describes his hero returning from pursuing some flying Moors, with "his coif rumpled, his casque on his back, and his sword in his hand." But it is not the Cid's beard, nor the strength of his shout in battle, nor even his marvellous bravery,* that seems to stir the chronicler's deepest emotion. His hero's piety, expressed as it is not only after the orthodox mediæval fashion of buying a thousand masses (v. 830), but by sincerest acknowledgment of the help which Heaven gives all self-helping men, is obviously a source of deep satisfaction to the poet. Such, too, is the Cid's completeness in all things that express the nature of a gentleman. Nothing can be nobler than his stately courtesy, his grave, deliberate ways, his generosity and kindness, not only to his friends and followers, but to his enemies the Moors, who once, when he had to relinquish a recent conquest, the castle of Almozer, betook themselves to weeping, and prayed that their prayers might go before him. With what fine sense of the motives that would influence a gentleman does he hit upon the sole means of inducing

the captive Count of Barcelona to rescind his resolution of starving himself to death! Vain is the mere offer of the prisoner's own liberty. He loathes to live dishonoured :—

"For all that is in Spain I will not eat a mouthful;
Rather would I lose body and leave soul,
Since such ill-shod fellows (*tales malcalzados*) have vanquished
me in battle.

Now mark the gracious tact of the Cid :—

Said my Cid: eat, Count, somewhat,
For if you eat not you will not behold Christians;
And if you shall eat so that I may be satisfied,
Unto you and two gentlemen I will grant your persons and give
you liberty.*

The thought of restoring *dos fijosdalgo* to freedom is too much for the chivalrous Count; and as the poet says :—

Quando esto oyó el conde, yas' iba alegrando;

he asks for water for his hands, and sits down to eat—"Dios, with what good will!" (v. 1060.)

But the fairest glimpses we get of the character of the Cid are furnished by the passages which indicate the relation he stood in to his wife—his "*querida è ondrada mugier*" (quiesita et honorata mulier)—and his daughters, "as white as the sun;" "my two daughters of my heart and soul," as he proudly and lovingly calls them. Nothing, for instance, can be better than the description of Ximena's entry with her husband into Valencia—of the first gaze that the "beautiful eyes" of the wife and daughters fix on Cid's new conquest, of his delight at soon having the chance of letting them see him fight for them and their heritage against the invading army of Moors—and of the glad courage and reliance of the ladies when Valencia is invested. But of this as of other points of the poem, we cannot now speak more, having still to report on the mode in which M. Hinard has done his editorial work.

As regards this, we are glad to say that it will sustain and extend the reputation which M. Hinard has already acquired by his works on Lope de Vega and the Spanish ballads. His preface is written with that lucid neatness which Frenchmen excel in. His observations on the metre, or rather metres, of the Cid are well worthy the attention of those who care about the critical study of the forms in which poetry loves to clothe herself—forms which, indeed, are of the essence of a metrical composition. He seems, however, unaware of Simrock's recent labours on *Die Nibelungenstrophe und ihr Ursprung* (Bonn, 1858), in which that scholar points out in the great Spanish poem "traces of imitation of the old epic alliterated long lines" of the northern poetry. Curious, too, are the proofs which M. Hinard brings together of the influence exercised by France on the development of the literature and political system of mediæval Spain; and the Napoleonic rubbish which he takes occasion to shoot on the subject of that country's inability "rien fonder de sérieux et de durable qu'avec l'amitié et le concours de la France," must, we suppose, be pardoned in a man who has had his favourite book so beautifully printed "par autorisation de l'Empereur." But what shall we say to a man who seriously asserts "qu'il n'y a dans le Poème du Cid qu'une faible quantité de mots, un dixième, un huitième au plus, sur lesquels nous n'avons aucune revendication légitime à exercer, mais que la reste a été emprunté à la France" (p. lxxiv.), and who accounts for the existence of the Wallachian language in the Danubian provinces by proclaiming "A l'époque des croisades les Français ont aussi passé par là" (p. liv.)? We, indeed, with Latham for our glaziers, have no right to throw stones at this poor French philologist.

These absurdities are, no doubt, partly to be accounted for by the fact that M. Hinard is a Frenchman, but principally by the circumstance that he resembles many Romance scholars in ignoring the works of Friedrich Diez, who stands in the same position in reference to the neo-Latin languages that Jacob Grimm holds in regard to the Teutonic, and Zeuss to the Celtic tongues. From M. Hinard's want of acquaintance with Diez his vocabulary is deformed by the strangest blunders. Thus he connects *almorzado*, "one who has breakfasted," with the French *amortir*, "to deaden, allay;" whereas it springs from the Latin *admorsus* (cf. the German *an-bisz, im-bisz*, "breakfast"), the *l* arising from *d* as in Alfonso=Hadufuns. In like manner he brings *dezar*, "to leave," from the Lat. *laxare* (whence *laisser, lasciare*, Span. *lazar*, &c.), though this is an example of the rise in Spanish of *x* from *st*, and *dezar* stands to Lat. *desitus*, as *querar*, "to complain," does to *questus*. *Dios*, "God," he proposes to connect with *deús*; and—as if the Spaniards were polytheists—with the Latin acc. plural *deos*. Surely Diez is right in regarding the *s* in *Dios* as identical with the *s* of the Latin *deus*, and in suggesting that its anomalous preservation is due to the holiness of the name. Even so, the Spaniard allowed the *u* to stand in *espíritu* (Fr. *esprit*, Lat. *spiritus*), since this is used for the Holy Ghost. We must not, however, expect accuracy on these matters from any one but a German; and we conclude with hearty thanks to M. Hinard for his text, which is accurate, his translation, which is faithful, and his notes, which are useful, learned, and interesting.

* A vos è dos fijosdalgo quitar vos he los cuerpos è darvos he de mano. Observe the italicised forms which (like the Provençal *dir vos ai*=je vous dirai, *dir vos em*=nous vous dirons,) reveal the Romance future in process of formation. *Dar-vos* he is the modern *daros vos*. This, as is well known, is produced by adding the modern form of *habeo* to the infinitive. Thus, Fr. *chanter-ai*, Ital. *canter-ò*, Span. *cantar-é*; but in (e.g.) *dar-vos-he*, the *he* (=habeo) has not yet become so incorporated with the infinitive as to refuse to admit a pronoun between them.

* An Arab historian quoted by Dozy (*Recherches*, i. 356) says of him—"This man, the scourge of his time, was, through his love for glory, through his prudent firmness of character, through his heroic valour, one of the miracles of the Lord."

LIFE AND THEATRICAL TIMES OF CHARLES KEAN.*

THEATRICAL biographies are seldom satisfactory compositions. Those portions of an actor's life which do not concern the public are, for the most part, a record of common-place events, possessing only an interest reflected from the professional career. That portion of it, on the other hand, which relates to the actor's achievements on the stage is likely to baffle even a skilful and judicious writer. Descriptions of tones, looks, and gestures seldom content those who have heard or seen them; while to those who have neither seen nor heard them, the account of them is scarcely more effective than reports of music to the deaf or of pictures to the blind. Reynolds and Zoffany assist us in forming some conception of the statuesque beauty of Mrs. Siddons and the vivacious energy of Garrick; but what pen can convey even a distant echo of their voices, or fix on a reader's mind one of their manifold changes of countenance? Yet the world is generally eager enough to pry into the mysteries of scenic life, and to be assured that its favourites eat, drink, and discourse like ordinary, or perhaps extraordinary, mortals. Anecdotes of statesmen, poets and philosophers are scarcely less welcome than stories of actors, and accordingly narratives dull as Boaden's *Life of Kemble* or Davies's *Life of Garrick* excite attention at the moment, and retain their places on the shelf. Cowper humorously comments on the worth of literary fame, when he tells his friend Unwin that the popularity of *The Task* was scarcely equal to that of the *Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy*, published almost contemporaneously. The interest and the value also of such narratives are indeed much enhanced in cases where the actor leads or seconds some one or other current of the tastes of his day. Garrick, for example, who entertained at his table archbishops, dukes, statesmen, poets, artists, and philosophers, is one of the social representatives of his time. Our vision of the actor, even with the aid of Partridge, is but dim, yet in the mirror of Boswell we discern clearly enough the alert, bustling man of the world, whom Johnson browbeat and yet defended against all other browbeaters, who laughed at Goldsmith, exchanged puns and epigrams with Warton, and twisted his face into the dissimilar profiles of Fielding and Gibbon.

Mr. Cole is fortunate in the subject of his biography, since Mr. Kean has equal claims on the gratitude of his contemporaries and the remembrance of posterity, not merely as an actor, but also for his services to the national drama in its highest forms. Mr. Kean is, on the other hand, fortunate in his biographer, who adds to experimental knowledge of acting the accomplishments of a scholar and the pen of an able writer. We must go back to Colley Cibber for a narrative equally entertaining with that contained in the volumes before us. The grave and gay are agreeably blended in them; the anecdotes of actors and actresses are numerous, pertinent, and well-told; the particular chapter of stage-history which Mr. Cole has written is treated fully and fairly; and his work generally is as superior to that of Boaden or Campbell, as the revivals of Shakespeare at the Princess's Theatre are to the versions of *King John* or the *Midsummer Night's Dream* as arranged, or rather mutilated, by Garrick.

We think, however, that Mr. Cole would have done better had he chosen for his book a less ambitious title. There is an incongruity in denominating a narrative "a Life" when its hero is alive and well, and is, we trust, likely to be so for many years to come. And his narrative would, in our opinion, have been bettered by the omission of a number of adjectives in the superlative degree. Excess in either praise or blame naturally provokes contradiction, and exposes the object of laudation to the very attacks which Mr. Cole so often rebuts and deplores on his friend's behalf. Mr. Kean's merits as an actor, and his services to the stage, are quite substantial enough to dispense with much of this biographical carving and gilding. A plain statement of undeniable facts would have answered the purpose better than extra-laudation. The world which cares about theatres and their ministers is pretty well agreed that Mr. Kean deserves the golden opinions he has won, and that, with well-directed labour and infinite pains, he has raised himself to a level with the foremost representatives of Shakspeare, whether of the present or any former generation. Mr. Cole's excess in commendation is partly attributable—and, on that account, in some degree excusable—to the illiberal and vulgar censures in which a portion, and by no means the most reputable portion, of the press has for years thought fit to indulge against Mr. Charles Kean. The higher he raised the literary or historical character of the stage, the more furious and indiscriminating has been the assault of a clique of writers whom his rise, in spite of their efforts to depress him, irritated, and whose antipathy was stimulated by his independence of them. But Mr. Kean may console himself by recollecting that, *serius oculus*, his has been the fate of his most illustrious predecessors. In their day the Kembles were never favourites of the press. Mr. Young paid the full penalty of his high bearing and refined manners. Mr. Macready for a long period had only one fair critic in the newspapers. This plague they all had for their dowry—they did not escape calumny.

* *The Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean, F.S.A.* Including a Summary of the English Stage for the last Fifty Years, and a Detailed Account of the Management of the Princess's Theatre, from 1850 to 1859. By John William Cole. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

Setting aside this blemish of superlative laudation, Mr. Cole's book is a most reasonable, instructive, and entertaining one. A life of honourable toil in the service of representative art merited a chronicle, nor could the task of compiling it have been entrusted to abler hands. The biographer possessed the best opportunities for knowing the truth, and he has told it fearlessly, regardless of the personal or venal malevolence which his record is sure to bring upon him from some quarters. To the merit of Mr. Charles Kean as an actor, and to the accuracy and splendour of his Shakspearian revivals, this journal has often borne testimony; and it is, therefore, needless for us to revert to circumstances fresh in the memory of our readers. It is more important to mark the steps by which he attained his present high position. *Mutato nomine*, the lesson contained in these volumes is instructive for the real no less than for the scenic world, since it is a record of success wrung from unfavourable circumstances, and matured and maintained with undefeated energy.

Mr. Kean has experienced his full share of the frowns and smiles of fortune. She was not seemingly propitious at his birth, and Cardan or Dr. Dee would have been puzzled in casting his horoscope. His father's prospects were then, and for some years afterwards, very uncertain; and it was just as likely that Edmund Kean might continue an actor of all work at a provincial theatre—"eking out a precarious salary of twenty-five shillings a-week by giving lessons in fencing, dancing, and riding"—as that he should stand one day behind the foot-lights of Drury Lane, the rival of John Kemble, and the successor of Garrick and Cooke in Lear, Shylock, and Iago. The tide led to fortune—to high fortune, indeed, had Edmund Kean known how to have and to hold it. Without hoarding his gains like Garrick, he might have enjoyed all the luxuries of life and bequeathed a handsome patrimony to his son. Had this been the issue of the elder Kean's prosperity, the stage had probably wanted one actor more, for the son was intended for an active or a learned profession, and not to embody or revive Shakspeare. Mr. Cole must be left to tell the story of his estrangement from his father, of their subsequent reconciliation, of his pious devotion to an infirm and forsaken mother, and of his resolve to vanquish adversity by his own unaided exertions.

His name was by no means in favour of the youthful *débutant*. The public seems to have expected that the son should at once rival his father—forgetting that the one had been trained to the stage from his infancy, while the latter had touched the verge of manhood before serving even an apprenticeship to it. In fact, the son had to learn in the presence of a London audience the rudiments of the art which his father had acquired and matured in provincial circuits. Hercules and Lycas were playing at dice. The result was unavoidable. The public was unreasonable—the press in no gracious mood; and the novice was disheartened for the moment. But, as Sheridan is reported to have said of his powers of eloquence after his first failure in the House, "They are in me, and by—they shall come out of me!" so Mr. Charles Kean abated no jot of heart or hope. He had duties to perform. He could not be unconscious of his latent powers; but he felt his inexperience, and he formed and adhered to the wise resolution of not acting permanently in London until he had nerved and trained himself in the provinces:—

Charles Kean [says his biographer, writing of the year 1834-35] saw he had, as yet, made little or no permanent impression. Knowing that without difficulty he could obtain profitable engagements elsewhere, he resolved to bide his time, and to act no more in London until he could place himself at the top of the tree. He had encountered rebuffs and disappointment; as often as he made a step in advance, some opposing influence dragged him back again; still the conviction of ultimate success was strong within him, and he felt satisfied that, sooner or later, he should attain the object of his ardent desire. One day he accidentally met Mr. Dunn, the treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre, who suggested that, in all probability, he could readily obtain an engagement at that house at 15*l.* per week. "No," replied the young actor, "I will never again set my foot on a London stage until I can command my own terms of 50*l.* a night." "Then, Charles Kean," rejoined Mr. Dunn, with a smile, "I fear you may bid a long farewell to London, for the days of such salaries are gone for ever." Time rolled on, and, at the expiration of five years only—during which he had received 20,000*l.* by acting in the country—he drove to the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre in his own carriage, with a signed engagement at 50*l.* a night in his pocket; and which engagement, for upwards of forty nights, was paid to him by the very man who had predicted its impossibility.

In not taking root in London at once, Mr. Charles Kean shared the common lot of his predecessors. Mrs. Siddons, after playing a few evenings with Garrick, was obliged to return to Manager Wilkinson's company at York; John Kemble was, on his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, voted intolerably heavy; and Mr. Charles Kemble, who, like Charles Kean, served his apprenticeship in London, ranked for many years as a third-rate performer. For a considerable time Mr. Young and Mr. Macready were rated as fair seconds only, and bided their time for the death or retirement of their seniors to make room for them. Dublin, Edinburgh, and the provincial capitals of Great Britain and Ireland sealed Mr. Charles Kean's claims to be a great actor before London acknowledged them. His success in the United States confirmed his reputation in his own country; and at length, in January, 1838, he set at rest for ever any doubts of the position he was thenceforward to hold in his profession. For forty-three nights his performances were greeted with general applause. The press was then nearly unanimous in praise of him—his table was covered with private and unsolicited letters of encouragement and commendation—he had won the prize at which he had so long and earnestly aimed.

Twenty-one years have elapsed since that triumph over inexperience and external obstacles was achieved, and with each year Mr. Kean has developed new powers, and justified his early confidence in himself. New obstacles, indeed, awaited him, and a new career opened in the year 1850. For the story of the adverse forces brought to bear upon him, we refer our readers to Mr. Cole's pages. He proves the existence of a "hostile clique," but, like ourselves, is unable to account for it. Mr. Kean and his biographer may be assured, however, that partial and groundless censure never permanently injured any one. The press, with its myriad hands, has never been able to write a bad actor into favour, or to delay for any considerable period the success of a good one. George Frederick Cooke entertained just notions on this subject. The journalists of the day showered on him applause; but when they claimed his gratitude in return, he denied the obligation, saying truly, that their praise of himself was really the expression of their spite to John Kemble. Mr. Cole has judiciously printed in an appendix some of the most violent of these diatribes. We recommend them to the reader's attention. It is impossible to doubt, after perusing them, the motives that dictated them. Envy and venality are indefatigable, and their appetite exceeds that of the great palmer-worm. *Non ragionan di lor ma guarda e passa.*

Of Mr. Charles Kean's revivals of Shakspeare we have spoken so often and so recently that we shall not again touch on the subject of them. It will be but just, however, to state the grounds of their pre-eminence over former attempts of the kind, especially since it is often unthinkingly asserted that the manager of the Princess's Theatre merely followed suit in his successive illustrations of the Shakspeare drama. How Shakspeare was travestied in other generations would be incredible, were not fact often stranger than fiction. *Richard II.* in 1681 was performed under the title of *The Sicilian Usurper*, and the place, time, incidents, and language were altered by Nahum Tate, who likewise altered the *Psalm*. In 1738, Richard was restored to his throne and country, but so disguised as to be scarcely recognised; while an actor nicknamed "tall Johnson" was chosen to play John of Gaunt, because he was of the race of the Anakim, "bony, burly, and seven feet high."

Of great actors who have exercised an immediate or abiding influence on the stage, only two names, before the present generation, stand pre-eminent—those of David Garrick and John Philip Kemble. Barry, Henderson, Cooke and Edmund Kean took no part in theatrical government; and if they were well dressed themselves, cared nothing for the costume of their accessories, or the scenes in front of which they acted. What, then, did Garrick or John Kemble respectively achieve in the way of pictorial illustration of Shakspeare or the classical playwrights? Wheaten bread was not good enough for David Garrick. He thought himself wiser than Shakspeare, and lengthened or retrenched his scenes, or even altered his plots, according to his own ideas of the fitness of things. Thus he wound up *Hamlet* with the play-scene, and banished the grave-diggers as low-lived impertinences. *Lear* he accepted from the hands of the transmuted-general, the aforesaid Nahum Tate, worse translated than ever Bottom was. The *Tempest* he performed with all Dryden's absurd—we had almost written profane—modifications of it; and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he trimmed and spruced up until it bore about as much likeness to Shakspeare's play as a clipped yew-tree does to an oak, or the garden of a Brompton villa to a prairie. We will not allege against him, on this occasion, the improprieties of his costume, since the idea of dressing Romans in the toga, or English Barons in armour, is altogether modern. Our charge against the Roscius of the last century is, that he lacked reverence for Shakspeare, and treated him as a mere accessory to the actor's reputation. Instead of being the poet's minister, he made him a servant of the scene; and by his misappropriation of his great dramatic trust almost merited Johnson's assertion, that "Punch, sir, has no feelings."

John Kemble, if inferior to Garrick as an actor, was the better scholar of the two, and a more reflecting and tasteful man. If the adornment of tragedy with local and historical illustrations did not originate with him, it was materially advanced by him and his representations of Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus. Yet Kemble allowed Thomson's feeble version of the latter tragedy to furnish an entire scene to Shakspeare's drama, and the interloper was retained until Mr. Macready finally expelled it. The *Winter's Tale* fared badly in Garrick's hands. He destroyed the connexion between the two portions of the play. He omitted the first part of the action, and opened the second with a short narrative of the events which had occurred—namely, the jealousy of Leontes, the assumed death of Hermione, and the exposure of her infant. Kemble rescued Shakspeare from this transfiguration, but he retained Garrick's dialogue in the last scene, and Mr. Macready also preserved the intruded matter. Of all the Shakspearian plays the *Midsummer Night's Dream* has, until it was produced at the Princess's Theatre, been the most scurvily treated. It has passed successively through the forms of burlesque and comic opera. It lost its good name. In 1755 Garrick produced it as the *Fairies*, an opera with Italian singers! In 1777, Colman repeated the experiment; and in 1816, it was presented as a musical play at Covent Garden, "with alterations and additions by Frederic Reynolds." Madame Vestris and Mr. Phelps restored the true Shakspearian version, and Mr. Kean

followed their good example, and "bettered their instruction" by yet more splendid and appropriate mechanism and scenery. In these, and in all his other revivals, Mr. Kean has strictly adhered to Shakspeare's words. For the purposes of the scene, he has occasionally permitted himself to retrench; but, with the single exception of *Richard III.*, he has banished all foreign matter from the genuine text of the poet. He has not allowed the words of Mercury to interfere with the song of Apollo. In this respect he stands apart from all his predecessors. He has never put his duty to the author in competition with the supposed interest or real vanity of the actor. During seven years the public has received from his hands an abridged, but an unadulterated, version of Shakspeare; and the experiment has been successful, since under no former management and at no other theatre has it ever been found practicable "to run" a play of Shakspeare for forty, sixty, or a hundred continuous evenings.

Mr. Cole's volumes demand a notice far beyond our limited space; and we must content ourselves with again recommending them as a most instructive chronicle of the stage in the present generation. In a few nights from the moment at which we are writing, the Princess's Theatre will cease to be the peculiar abode of the Shakspearian drama. The labour of nine years will have been finished—the well-disciplined company will be scattered—and the historical muniments, collected, authenticated, and arranged with so much research, cost and energy, will perhaps for a long period vanish from the public eye. Mr. Kean, however, will have more than realized his early aspirations; and he and his inestimable partner in the management will retire from their little kingdom accompanied by the plaudits and regret of all who honour the greatest of dramatic poets, and of all who regard the actor in his true light, as the most effective auxiliary of the painter, the sculptor, and the poet.

FAIRHOLT ON TOBACCO.*

THE introduction of tobacco forms a curious chapter in the history of mankind—not so much on account of a mere novelty becoming an article of universal consumption, as because it presents the solitary case of the late importation from barbarism into civilization of what occupies an important place as a moral as well as physical agent in the human economy. At first sight the potato—that other great necessity of European life as we now regard it—in some respects seems to bear the same character. The potato and tobacco are alike the first and chief indigenous productions of the New World which at once were recognised as gifts to the human race; but their qualities and results are so different that no comparison can be drawn as to their relative importance. A controversy has existed whether the use of tobacco was all along known in the East, and reached America with its first Mongol colonists, or whether it forms the solitary example of the East receiving part of its actual life, moral and social—for such is the present value of tobacco in Oriental existence—from the West. Mr. Fairholt, a distinguished antiquarian, takes up the subject from the antiquarian side, and produces documentary evidence to show that its introduction into Hindostan and Mahometan countries is distinctly recorded; and we are disposed to think that he completely refutes the view which has been maintained of the antiquity of the practice in the Old World, by a very conclusive proof that all the alleged Irish and Celtic pipes are of a manufacture and date clearly ascertainable, and never ascending beyond the seventeenth century. Moreover, the great argument from the silence of antiquity is not to be set aside. If tobacco, or anything of like general use as tobacco, prevailed in the East, it is impossible to conceive the *Bible* and the *Arabian Nights* silent on the subject; for if tobacco were used at all in the East, it must have become at once so main a constituent of Oriental life as scarcely to have escaped all allusion in records so full of personal incident. Besides which, in the further East there are other varieties of sedative in use—as hemp and bang. It is possible, but certainly it has not been proved, that tobacco was used, like a great many other things, from the most remote antiquity in China; but this is an assertion which the absence of a Chinese literature and records, or our inability to criticise them, renders of very little value. The only point of which Mr. Fairholt scarcely observes the importance is the assertion, made or quoted by himself, that tobacco, in one variety (the *Nicotiana Persica*), is "a native of Persia." If this means that it is indigenous, we cannot believe that tobacco ever wasted its sweetness and blushed unseen, unknown, and unvalued in the world. But probably all that is meant is that some variety (which the Latakia and Shiraz tobacco is) has been introduced into Persia, which is now wild—a case parallel to that of the Horse of the Prairies in America.

The name "tobacco" is curious. It is not, as is generally said in books treating of the origin of things, the indigenous native name. *Petun* in the South American dialects—*kohika* in the Caribbean language—is the name of the plant. *Tabaco* is the Indian name of the pipe. It follows, therefore, that tobacco was not, as the books say, connected with the island of Tobago, to which it gave or from which it derived its designation. On the contrary, the name of the island is modern, and was given by the

* *Tobacco: Its History and Associations.* By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. With Illustrations, &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

Spanish discoverer from a fancied resemblance to the Indian pipe or smoking instrument.

The indigenous pipe, by the way, exhibits at least three normal varieties. The Caribbean pipe is the most curious. It seems to have consisted of a Y-shaped bowl, the forked ends of which were inserted in the nostrils, and the single end was placed on the ignited weed, and the smoke inhaled *per nares*. The Brazilian pipe, according to the engraving in De Bry—to which, by the way, Mr. Fairholt does not seem to have had access, as he twice spells it *Be Bry*—was much the same as our own yard of clay; while the primitive pipes of the extinct mound builders of the Mississippi Valley—who seem to bear the same relation to the American tribes discovered in the sixteenth century that the mammoth does to the elephant—consist of an indescribable instrument of a single piece, consisting of a flat curved base, with a bowl rising from the convex side, with one end drilled for a tube, and a flat handle. These ancient pipes were made of the hardest materials, and very possibly of igneous rock, granite, porphyry, and the basalt; and, being adorned with characteristic sculpture, they are important, like the Egyptian monuments, in settling distinct eras of social advancement. The pipe and the cigar appear to have the aboriginal authority of American precedent—the cigar, however, seems to have been confined to the south. The result is that in all the varieties in which tobacco is now taken—varieties comprising snuffing, smoking, and chewing, and embracing the imperial hookah, the grave and cumbrous narghileh, the practical meerschaum and portable cigar, and the effeminate cigarette—nothing more than a variety has obtained over the original American use of the fragrant weed, as observed by the early discoverers of America.

The first introduction of tobacco into Europe was for its alleged salutary and medicinal purposes. Nicot, from whom it has derived its scientific name, was French ambassador at Lisbon, and sent some tobacco seeds into France, where it was known by various and complimentary names. It was first called *Herba Sancta Indorum*, *Herba Panacea*, and the like. Spenser calls it "Divine tobacco," and Lilly "the holy weed Nicotian." Its first appearance was in the apothecary's shop. But we suspect that this alleged medicinal use of the weed was only an ingenious device of the smokers to get it into vogue; for it had from the first powerful influences to contend against—religious and political. Our own King James disliked it, as he did many other good things, on very mixed motives. Probably it affected his nerves; but his chief objection was that it was introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh. On the other hand, the Church protested, partly on the characteristic ground that tobacco was a novelty, and partly, for symbolic reasons, that it typified the fire of Gehenna; and that a man emitting smoke from his nostrils—for such was the first European use of tobacco—presented a lively image of a living hell. Great were the obstacles through which the use of the divine or deadly herb had to struggle. Christian kings wrote big books against it; Pope Urban excommunicated, not unreasonably, those who used tobacco in churches; the Czar of Muscovy cut off the noses of the snuffers, and Amuraths and Shah Jehans tortured all smokers. Christendom and Islam combined in vain against tobacco. There must be something very congenial to human tastes in what resisted this combination of persecutors, unless, as in more momentous matters, the sufferings of the martyrs of tobacco were the seeds of its triumph.

Mr. Fairholt's volume is not very methodically arranged, but it contains a vast amount of curious, if not always novel information. He presents in a manageable form, and in fair readable style, all that is to be known about tobacco—the history of its introduction and gradual steady progress, and a useful chapter (the last) on its culture, manufacture, and consumption. Of its fiscal importance the notices are not so full, though it is curious to observe that the narrow and uneconomical views of the present enemies of tobacco are coeval with its first introduction. In 1620, Sir Edwin Sandys addresses Parliament in language which sounds as though he were the Newdegate of the time. England was on its last legs, because "there goes out of this kingdom as good as 120,000*l.* for tobacco every year." Before tobacco was excised, it was, as it still is in Spain, a Royal monopoly, and life leases of a fine and annual rent for selling tobacco were granted in England. In order to keep up the price the first American colonists restricted the growth, and the Virginian produce was kept down, in 1639, to 1,500,000 lbs. The Customs and Excise duty in England on the importation and manufacture of foreign tobacco, reached, in 1851, to about five millions and a quarter; and it is reckoned that about 8,000,000*l.* are annually spent on tobacco in Great Britain. This is enough, as is easy to remark, to pay Mr. Gladstone's deficit twice over—an observation which has been often, and quite as ineffectually, made in the analogous case of wine and spirits. After all, though every year sees an increase of the English use of tobacco, we are far behind in the consumption of the generous herb; for while we consume nineteen ounces per head for each inhabitant, in Denmark seventy ounces is the average consumption per man, and perhaps woman. A curious calculation has been made—which, however, can only be a vague approximation to the fact—of the quantity of tobacco annually consumed in the world. This is set down at two millions of tons, costing, at twopence a pound, thirty-six millions and a half of pounds sterling. In Austria alone a thousand million of cigars are annually manufactured.

Such are the triumphs of this much praised and much persecuted herb. There remains the interesting question of its poisonous or health-producing qualities. Here Mr. Fairholt is a fair witness. He is no smoker himself, and therefore his testimony is unprejudiced. He concludes, as most reasonable people do, that it cannot be very prejudicial to the human constitution, otherwise life would be visibly shortened by it. In many European countries, such as Germany and Spain, tobacco is consumed every hour of every day. In the East and in America it is used at least ten times more than among ourselves; and yet, if it were as deleterious as writers in the *Lancet* assert, a smoker of thirty would be impossible. Where, as among ourselves, smokers are in the minority, the argument is not fairly conducted; nor, where inveterate prejudices on one side or the other exist, are we likely to arrive at the truth. We want a fair statement of facts, like that of Mr. Fairholt, not a republication of the *Counterblast*, such as some time ago was issued by Mr. Solly in the *Lancet*.

Certainly, as facts at present stand, the burden of proof lies with those who affirm that smoking is injurious; and we do not hesitate to say that, in all the attempts ever made to prove a difficult case, there never have appeared more ridiculous fallacies or more groundless affirmations than those made use of by the opponents of the practice. They begin by ascribing to it the most dire calamities, physical and mental—from wretched impotency to simple nausea; and they state that these effects are so patent that nothing but ignorance, prejudice, or that haziness of mind peculiar to smokers can blind the world to the facts of the case. On the other hand, your smoker affirms that he has a blissful world of his own—that his cigar is the key which opens to him the cabinet of delicious sensations and clear ideas—that with it he possesses the golden casket of health and longevity, while he entertains a genuine pity for the poor fellow who does not smoke, and a comfortable conviction of his own complete superiority. The question, then, is simply one of results; and any theories of physiological action or chemical effects rather tend to show our ignorance on such matters than to advance the truth. There can be no doubt that, *a priori*, it was to be expected that smoking tobacco would produce all the effects ascribed to it by its enemies; and, indeed, its known composition and acknowledged poisonous effects in some forms would lead one to suppose that the inhalation of its smoke could produce nothing short of certain and rapid death. And we firmly believe that, had the discovery of its chemical composition and the deadly effect of its alkaloid been known before its "smoke" had stolen upon the senses, and taken captive the majority of mankind with its soothing effects, no man would have been bold enough to attempt so novel an application of this poisonous plant. But Nature ordered otherwise, and so constituted the human frame as to enable it to add another item to the list of enjoyments already so liberally bestowed upon mankind. Yet she has, no doubt, in this case as in all others, exacted her usual stipulation—moderate indulgence.

It is the province of every man whose object is truth—and who, while convinced of the generically poisonous effects of the tobacco plant, nevertheless sees that in fact a vast number of the human race inhale its smoke with at least temporary impunity—to pause and inquire the cause of this apparent anomaly, rather than at once condemn the practice as deleterious and fatal. "But," says the opponent, "I repeatedly see cases in which smoking is undoubtedly doing harm, and I condemn it." The fact is, our physiological knowledge and present means of *diagnosis* are not sufficient to warrant the idea of such a direct relation between cause and effect. The bare dogmatical assertions of medical men are perfectly worthless. We say with confidence that there are no symptoms ascribed to the use of tobacco-smoke which might not be assigned to any other cause that shows itself through the medium of "the nerves"—that is, by exhibiting some modification of nervous energy. Excess of any kind, whether of diet or drinking—even the fatigue of study or anxiety—quickly produces that state of nervous exhaustion which some ascribe to the influence of tobacco alone. We challenge any medical man who has tried to gain the truth in this matter to say whether he has not frequently, after listening to the complaints of a patient, ascribed some of them to tobacco-smoke, and, on asking the question, found that he was not a smoker. If this be so, it should surely open our eyes to the possibility of arriving at erroneous conclusions.

The discovery of cases (and such undoubtedly exist) in which it is clear that smoking is injurious—whether permanently or temporarily—proves nothing for the general question. It proves no more than a like discovery of the occasional effects of beer, spirits, or any particular kind of diet upon individuals peculiarly constituted. It is absurd to argue a great question from exceptional cases. Even supposing that the instances brought forward by Mr. Solly and others are genuine examples of the injurious effects of tobacco-smoke, what is the value of such evidence against the mass of world-wide facts that can be brought to oppose it? Of what consequence is it for Mr. Solly to appeal to the dry, white, and coated tongue of the smoker as evidence of his being slowly poisoned, when the latter will tell him that he is in perfect health, and that he is only one of millions of human beings who would face him with the same stubborn facts? By all the known laws of chemical and physiological action, smoking ought not only to kill, but to kill quickly; but it does not do so, and the reason remains yet to be discovered.

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